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The Book Industry by Robert S. Lynd, on page 458

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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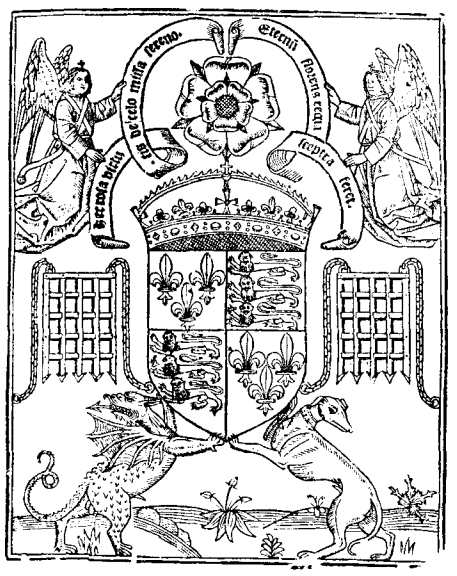

WOODCUT FROM FABYAN'S "CHRONICLES," ONE OF THE RARE BOOKS TO BE OFFERED AT THE LOTHIAN SALE THIS MONTH.

Ideals in Reviewing

MR. JAMES ORRICK of the Oxford University Press contributed to a recent number of *The Publishers' Weekly* an article on reviewing which, thoughtful in itself, deserves thoughtful consideration. He finds, with reason, we think, that reviewing tends to run too much after advertising, although by this statement he gives no support to those who believe that even in the best periodicals the reviewing is favorable whenever the advertising warrants it. His criticism is more subtle and more just. He believes that editors and reviewers give too much space to the book that is being advertised extensively, whereas a sounder, longer-lived book, that needs no trumpets to summon purchasers before the day of its ephemeral interest has passed, may get far less editorial attention. He is right, for this often happens. It is the old conflict between news and information. The much-advertised book is usually the book likely to be talked about, the book that is news. A wise editor will not be so priggish as to deny it quick and emphatic attention (whether he praises or damns), but this need not result in the evils that Mr. Orrick feels. A sound reviewing medium will give its news position to books that are news, whether they are of permanent or of transitory importance, but its full consideration to the books that deserve it, whether they are news or not.

Mr. Orrick prefers anonymity in reviewing. He objects to the editor's explanation that "Miss Winnie May Muttersome was formerly Assistant Professor of English in the Great Plains Agricultural College." But here his editorial sense fails him. For anonymous reviewing there is much to be said—less, however, in a country where scholarship is decentralized and achievement impresses more than reputation, than in Paris or London. In science, in history, in biography, in politics, in philosophy, the American reader wishes to know by what authority his reviewer writes. The cocksureness of the anonymous review does not please him. If there is cockiness he wants a name by which he can discount it. If there are assertions, he asks who is the reviewer and how much does he know. And the experienced editor chooses one reviewer rather than another for very definite reasons. If, to accept Mr. Orrick's sprightly suggestion, Miss Muttersome of the English Department of the Agricultural College had been reviewing a book on the literature of the Corn Belt there would have been point in her attribution. And when there is a point it is well to make it. The note on her name would explain precisely why she was asked to review that book and no other.

There is no virtue in anonymous reviewing as such. Some of the worst crimes in criticism have been committed in its name. And if such a paper as *The Saturday Review* becomes anonymous, the change must be made, not for the guess reason that the reviewing will thereby become more honest and more convincing, but with full realization of the opportunities for bluffing and malice which anonymity affords, and because the editors believe that anonymity will guarantee better writing, inspire greater confidence, and attract better critics. They are by no means sure of this yet, and apparently the readers of the *Review* are even less so.

Mr. Orrick is on more treacherous ground when he asks that *all* books should be reviewed. Has he thought what that means? He would answer, presumably, that he referred to all the *good* books by all the *good* publishers! But admit a qualification and the project falls to the ground. And if one proceeds to the task without qualification the result is obvious, some 10,000 reviews per year, which would mean to publish either a librarian's manual of brief statements, useful of course to the large-scale book purchaser, but quite unreadable, or such a swollen magazine as only a Carnegie Fund could endow or an encyclopedist read.

But this is not all. Many books can be characterized effectively in a paragraph, many novels, particularly, can be reviewed far better in half the space that loose-worded reviewers now allot to them, but the really important books—and while there are few great books in a given year, there are many books that by any test are important for us, and now—the really important books must have

(*Continued on next page*)

Bird Into Beast

By HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

THIS is my menagerie:
Single bird and single beast.
Bird whose singing prophecy
Predicates the feast.

In the fine cage of the flesh
Beats the throat of song,
While the carnal tissues thresh,—
And the beast is strong.

Bird that publishes abroad
Golden axioms,
Sweet, intemperate, and unflawed,
Till the hot blood drums.

Beast that waits with silky paws
Till the carol ends—
Reaches . . . and the bird's applause
Hushes as he rends.

Hunger—that the throat be shaken.
Rapture—that I feast.
Mortal body to be taken
So by bird and beast!

To the Young Men of Wall Street

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

GENTLEMEN:

At a certain point in the career of Cæsar it is permitted to address one's self to Cæsar's heir.

That point has been reached in America. Only the credulous hope anything further from the generation now in control (more or less) of American capitalism. That generation retains, and may continue to retain, its authority and its bank balances. It may restore, or seem to restore, the prosperity it regrets. But it will leave capitalism where it found it, intellectually defenseless and unarmed.

The question now is whether you yourselves will come to the same abdication. You have before you an extraordinary opportunity weighted with an extraordinary penalty. Capitalism is in a critical situation. Universal disgust with the whole existing order opens the way to criticism and reconsideration such as no Rotarian and Legionaire would have put up with for a moment three years ago. And the penalty for inaction is the loss of your inheritance.

The case against your elders may be stated briefly in this way: capitalistic administration of the economy of the republic rests upon two claims of right—the possession of capital and the possession of intelligence. And the present panic is a Panic of Intelligence.

We have had money panics and commodity panics in America before. But never before have we had a panic of intelligence—a panic in which neither goods nor money nor men nor machines nor ships nor factories nor fuel nor power nor wheat nor steel nor mines nor roads were lacking but merely the intelligence necessary to keep all these things in motion and alive. The intelligence, that is to say, of the banker. Your progenitors, Gentlemen, accepted power but refused to govern. Now that they have no choice but to govern or disappear they are still not governing. One suspects with reason that they cannot. One listens with no great respect to the assurance that money, or the credit system, or whatever the unknown god is called, is of such mystery and darkness that only the expert, the initiated priest, can comprehend its workings. Men have understood more complicated things than money.

There are, of course, other and more reassuring statements of the facts. There is the opinion dear to the heart of the moralist that we have come to the end of an era of materialism and that, by this catharsis, we shall arrive at something else. To these prophets the decade of the 'twenties was an Age of Things. America was stifled in things. There was no health in us. But the difficulty with all that is that it merely isn't true. An automobile is no more a thing than a horse and buggy—in fact it is one less thing. A radio is no more substantial than a piano or a mandolin. The whole conception of gross and materialistic America is pure verbiage. For one thing there was never a time, even at the height of the Boom, when more than twenty or twenty-five per cent of the Americans had incomes over $2,000 a year. Only a fraction over one per cent had incomes above $5,000. For another, the 'twenties were more important in American art than any other years in the last half century. They produced in Pound and Eliot the first two American poets since Whitman to make a definite impression on the body of poetry itself—an impression which no future poet either in this country or in Europe will be able to ignore. They produced in Hemingway, and Wolfe, and Faulkner, and (in a different direction) in Sinclair Lewis, a prose of which the influence moves west to east, not east to west. They produced in Eugene O'Neill the first considerable American playwright. It is impossible to dismiss the 'twenties as a decade of fatted years, and unwise to thank God we are well out of them. On the contrary, the speculative hysteria of 1929 and the speculative collapse of 1930 interrupted one of the few hopeful periods of American history. To pretend otherwise is to deceive ourselves as to the flavor of the grapes.

The truth is that we left the 'twenties without choice and against our wills. And against any man's will. Had your begetters intended to alter the climate of our world we should at least have the bitter pleasure of acquiescence. But we are painfully aware of the fact that they, no more than ourselves, proposed the consequences of their acts. They merely acted.

But what now concerns us is not the history of this Panic of the Intelligence, this Flight from The Idea, but its present. And more than its present, its future. We (and I permit myself, rashly no doubt, to speak for other American artists) have no stake in the existing economic order. *Qua* artist, we are perfectly unconcerned with the name by which the state is to be described, whether capitalistic or socialistic or communistic or Fascist. Most artists (there are known and honorable ex-

This Week

"BLAINE OF MAINE."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

"THE LIFE OF IBSEN."
Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

"THE THEORY OF EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES."
Reviewed by HENRY NOBLE MCCRACKEN.

"BOOM IN PARADISE."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

"COLUMBUS CAME LATE."
Reviewed by PHILIP AINSWORTH MEANS.

NATION-WIDE.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"THE WEATHER TREE."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"THE NIGHT VISITOR."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

Next Week, or Later

"THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES."
Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI.

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ceptions, of which Rivera is one and Dos Passos another) who concern themselves violently with the social order, do so because they have ceased to be artists—because the internal necessity of art has left them and they are compelled to replace it with the external necessity of economics. And the fact that most artists in our time have proletarian leanings means no more than that the artist's inclination is to revenge himself upon the smug bourgeois majority which buys the best-sellers and the academic pictures and takes its conceptions of art from the syndicated column and the lecturing professor. In other ages and for the same reasons poets and painters have been royalist.

But we have nevertheless one, and a very vital, interest in the complexion of the state. We cannot exist without that freedom to do our own work in our own way which is called, for lack of an accurate term, intellectual freedom. And it is because many of us feel that only under capitalism, of all existing alternatives, have we any real hope of such freedom that the dangerous and perhaps fatal ineptitude of your elders so seriously disturbs us. We have no illusions as to the extent of capitalistic tolerance. We have not forgotten that the caution of the acquisitive mind makes it impossible to read "Ulysses" in America or that the exploitation of literature for private profit has enriched the innumerable concocters of annual best-sellers while it has maimed or sickened or destroyed their betters. But we are also aware of the histories of Toscanini in Fascist Italy and Diego Rivera in the Communist Party in Mexico. We know what choice communism imposes upon its writers and painters and even its musicians. We have no desire to submit our work to a Soviet of garment workers or Columbia graduate students or Official Authors or their like. We prefer the toleration we know to the lesser toleration of change.

The great weakness of the generation now in control of the capitalist order in America is its inability to see that a change is possible. Or the stupidity with which, if it does recognize the possibility of change, it proposes to fight it. Neither force and fraud in Kentucky nor charity and soup in New York will suffice. Men do not yield to fraud nor acquiesce in charity. They follow their beliefs and their emotions. The power of communism over its adherents, whether we take pleasure in the admission or not, is emotional and spiritual. Look at the Rivera frescoes in Chapingo and see what force moves through them. Read the manifestoes of the Soviets and see to what emotions they appeal. And ask yourselves what reason there is in heaven or earth or out of it why a man earning five dollars a day should believe in capitalism in any of its forms.

Your begetters, Gentlemen, have ignored the alternatives. They have ignored the necessity of giving the economic order shape and structure and human hope in order that it might compete with those alternatives. They have neglected the Word—which is to say that they have chosen to live not by the word but by its opposite. Until very recently they have refused the term "capitalism" as suggesting a choice which they denied. And when, later, they felt the necessity of defense, they turned their case over to the publicity agents and the advertising offices with the result that the voices of a thousand copy writers went throbbing and blurbing through the land creating a picture of America so mawkish, so nauseating, and so false that the magazine which eventually appeared to satirize it became a journalistic triumph overnight. America did not take to Jesus as the Great Salesman. It did not believe the gilt and silver of the automobile ads. It did not recognize itself in the drooling paragraphs of universal prosperity and eternal two-car garages.

It wanted something more. And it still wants it. It requires of its governors a conception of capitalism in which a man can believe—which a man can oppose in his mind to those other and no longer visionary conceptions. The time is past when Russia can be disposed of with contempt. Only fools believe that the Russian experiment has failed and only idiots believe that capitalism can be saved by the inevitable collapse of all other systems of economy. There is nothing God-given in capitalism. It is a system like another. If it is to survive it must survive with reason.

Prior to the Panic of Intelligence two attempts were made to give capitalism human hope. One was Mr. Ford's high wages innovation, and the other was Mr. Young's exposition of the same theory. Whether or not Mr. Ford and Mr. Young recognized the implications of their thesis (and three years ago it would have been heresy to doubt it), there can be no question but that they offered a New Capitalism in which it was possible to foresee a fairer distribution of wealth without the laborious and dangerous bureaucracy of state control. But the hysteria of the panic repealed high wages as it repealed many other things, and capitalism now stands where it stood a decade ago. There is no general understanding of its purposes, no agreement as to the kind of world it proposes, no real knowledge of what it is.

The task of accomplishing a statement, believable and actual and moving, is presented, Gentlemen, precisely and inescapably to you. You cannot submit it to your hired economists whose wits, however skilfully they may retrogress, are without imagination and without the power of creation. You cannot refer it to your advertising agencies for another and a rosier blurb. Only you yourselves know what you believe. Only your own intentions are important. If you can create an idea of capitalism which men will support with their hope rather than their despair, you will inherit the world. If you cannot, you and your children and ourselves with you will vanish from the West.

Archibald MacLeish, who is at present on the staff of Fortune *magazine, is one of the most notable of the younger American poets. He is the author of "The Pot of Earth" and "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish," to mention but two of his volumes. His new book, "Conquistador," is shortly to be published.*

Ideals in Reviewing

(*Continued from preceding page*)

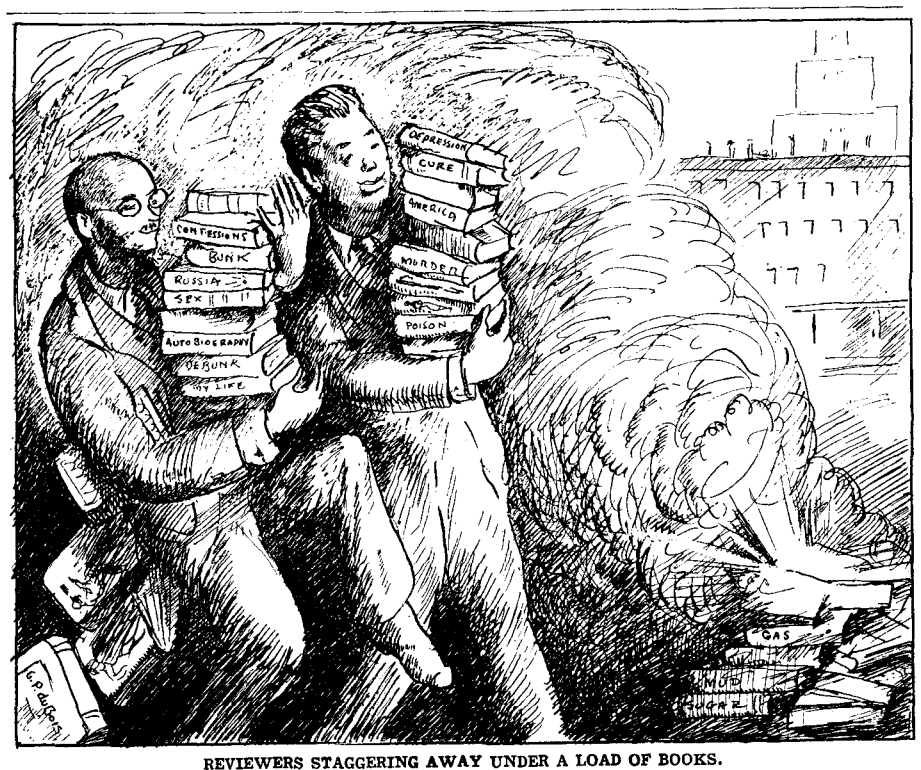
their background as well as their analysis. One thoroughgoing review of 2,000 words or more of a "Wellington," or a "Woodrow Wilson," or a "Shadows on the Rock," or a Bertrand Russell, or a Schacht on Reparations, is worth a hundred descriptive paragraphs, precisely as one great teacher is worth the rest of a college faculty. Therefore a critical review which proposes to be more than a manual for bookstores and libraries, and endeavors, as a critical review should, to convey the mould and pressure of the time, and to place new books in the intellectual currents flowing from past to present toward the future,—the proper policy for such a review is to be *selective*, and in the present glut of mediocre books, the more selective the better.

And this is particularly true of the United States, the most catholic reading country in the world, where, in addition to our own books, we read (and support the authors of) the best British books of every description, and where every literary language is translated in the hope of finding a market.

Mr. Orrick cites the excellent London *Times Literary Supplement* as an ideal to strive after. The *Times Supplement* is read in this country, though not as widely outside of university faculties as it should be, chiefly because it supplements our own reviewing mediums. Without them it would be an inadequate guide to current literature, even current British literature. It is very weak in its reviewing of fiction, and to regard weakness in the reviewing of fiction as unimportant, is to be abysmally ignorant of the extraordinary position of fiction in modern culture. It is far stronger in its articles upon editions of old poetry and *belles lettres* than its criticism of new. It specializes usefully in readable reviews of books on the dialects of Baluchistan or the government of Masuba, books which no American would ever be likely to read; and it discharges briefly in a skilful and intelligent fashion the functions of a dozen specialized periodicals known only to specialists, which here provide the expert reviewing of highly technical books. And while one can read it steadily with very little consciousness of the living world of British *belles lettres,* it covers scholarship in the broadest sense better than any other periodical in any language. In other words, it is an invaluable survey of scholarship and an invaluable supplement to other reviews that are closer to life and other scholarly journals which are further away from literature. But that an attempt to duplicate the *Times Supplement* is advisable or practicable is most dubious. Its superiority in its own especial field is not due (as Americans lately from England usually suppose) to its scholarship, but to the unique excellence of its journalism. It is largely written by a brilliant group of broadly trained men who, under anonymity, often adventure, and adventure successfully, where the American scholar, accustomed to be responsible only for his own subject, would not dare to venture. The result is a broad and interesting treatment, competent but not always expert, except when experts are called in (which, of course, is often). And this treatment depends for its success upon journalistic qualities of a high degree, such qualities as, for example, in the world of books H. G. Wells, Julian Huxley, or J. H. Jeans display. We shall have to educate far more literary, scientific, historical journalists than we possess now, give up our prejudice in favor of expert knowledge from an expert (even when the expert is inarticulate), and make this advanced journalism a profession, before a journal like the *Times Supplement* can succeed here. And of course we shall not do it in that way at all, but in a characteristic American fashion adapted to our own needs and our own confidences.

An American editor must probably continue to depend upon specialists rather than upon what the specialists call "brilliant generalizers." The days of omniscience are passing, and our hope of adequate (and readable) criticism ranging beyond *belles lettres* through the arts, the sciences, and the philosophies rests upon the growing realization of the technically trained that life is not lived, and cannot be estimated, in compartments. With that realization comes a will and therefore a power to write for the intelligent reader. What every review needs is better journalism, but it is better for the scholar to become a journalist, than for the journalist to try to assume scholarship.

The world of books is a large one, but the world of those interested in the study and criticism of books, and in the reading of all but a few of the best books, is small. *The Times Supplement* itself, which goes throughout the British Empire and to some degree the United States, has a circulation of only about 32,000. It is not more cataloguing of books for the million that we need, or any duplication of a good service being rendered in conditions best adapted to its success. What we want is the kind of reviewing that makes the best books most intelligible to the interested American reader. And if that cannot be done without selection — why then the sensible editor will review those books that in his best judgment can be most adequately reviewed in his journal, and should be reviewed for their intrinsic values or their egregious faults. His readers are no fools, and it will be his error if they mistake news of books talked about for criticism of values likely to be permanent.



REVIEWERS STAGGERING AWAY UNDER A LOAD OF BOOKS.
Drawn for the *Saturday Review* by Guy Pene du Bois.

The Plumed Knight

BLAINE OF MAINE, HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE, born in Pennsylvania and later a citizen of Maine, dominated American politics from the late 'sixties until the early 'nineties. He was known as "Blaine of Maine," a moniker easy to remember and helpful as a trademark.

Blaine belongs to the lines of Moses-statesmen who never came into the promised land. In America the line is distinguished by Alexander Hamilton, Henry Clay, Blaine, and William Jennings Bryan. If we accept Theodore Roosevelt's career after March 4, 1909, after he left the White House, when he was at the height of his power, one of the unofficial leaders of the American people, we may set Roosevelt down then also as of that uncrowned dynasty of leaders who moved public opinion, attained great influence unofficially, and governed more or less the destinies of the republic.

Blaine of Maine came into his leadership when the wave of migration was surging across the Mississippi into the western half of the American continent; when states were being carved out of the sage brush; when cities were rising on the plateaus of the far West, and when railroads were forging their way across the high plains from the Mississippi to the Pacific coast. It was a day of adventure, a day of pioneering, a day of easy going financial and political morals. Such times always come when men by the millions unrestrained by the neighborly traditions of their fathers' environment, are hurrying across the world, into new territory, impatient for fame and fortune. Men under these conditions make their laws out of their needs. Inevitably in the generation between the close of the Civil War and the administration of Grover Cleveland, America became a freebooters' paradise.

In the West, the railroad kings, the land gamblers, the horse thieves, and stage robbers vied with the bloody-shirt statesmen for the fleeting honors of the day. In the East, on Wall Street, Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, and the cut-throat brokers matched in business the outlaw morals of the politicians, Quay, Tweed, Kelly, and Croker—plunderers all in an Elysium of loot.

It is important to know these things, that one may understand the career of

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James G. Blaine. One more detail must be added—the brutality and folly of the reconstruction era. The hatred of the Civil War flowered after Appomattox in a lust for political vengeance upon the conquered states. Skull-duggery in dealing with the South became a major virtue. The scalawag became a hero; so terribly did the virus of super-patriotism poison the American heart. And naturally the situation left the Democratic party tainted with bitter, but also justified, bigotry that struck it blind and kept it impotent in its righteous wrath. In politics there were but two parties—one vicious with corruption and greedy for more—the other paralyzed with hate and thirsting for revenge. When one considers the atmosphere in which Blaine came to power and held leadership, the sad wonder is that he survived as clean as he was.

In this biography of Blaine Mr. Russell has devoted as much time to the background as he has to the figure which emerges from it. Blaine in this book becomes not only a convincing personality, but an inevitable one. He quickens in these pages into a flesh and blood incarnation of the America of the third quarter of the old century. Which does not mean that Blaine was all bad, or that America was all bad. Life was full of growth and beauty in spite of the political evils that beset the land.

Reading this life of Blaine we see how impossible it was for him to escape those charges of corruption which touched him. Charges of corruption seem to have touched nearly every other figure in our contemporary public life. Corruption was more universal during the administration of Grant than it was during the days of Harding, bad as the Harding régime has been revealed today. And Blaine stands forth (even admitting much that has been charged and unproved about him) as better, much better than the average statesman of his time. The picture of the man Blaine as painted by Mr. Russell crosses the stage as a most arresting figure. Blaine had a strong dramatic sense, and an indomitable courage when pushed to the wall. He attracted men and held them by the grace of his personality. He seemed to be almost deliberately a seducer of men. He had Roosevelt's quality of binding about him those who did not agree with him, who often mistrusted him, who frequently quarreled with him, but made up and kept on following him. Blaine had an aptitude for phrases, a power of oratory which Roosevelt could not claim. And there was something of Henry Clay's imperious American faith in Blaine, something which makes his career tragic at its close.

All these things Mr. Russell has made a part of his story, yet no clanking hero stalks through his pages. Here is a real man, rising out of his times like a shadow of a generation.

The book represents much careful research. It is not heavily documented with footnotes and appendices, but enough of these adorn the pages to give the book authority and not enough to cloy and annoy the reader as he pursues the romantic story of the biographer's central figure.

Blaine of Maine is paling through the past into a wraith. But this book gathers Blaine from the ashes of an almost forgotten day into speaking flesh and blood. Mr. Russell's achievement is worthy of his reputation and worthy of the really great figure which he has revived.

G. and C. Merriam Company are asking readers of their leaflet, *Word Study*, and users of Webster's "New International Dictionary" who desire information as to any word not yet defined in Webster, or more information than is there contained, to communicate with the publishing house which will endeavor to supply the desired information. If the material is of general interest, the reply will probably be published in *Word Study*, as well as sent directly to the inquirer. This service is, of course, likely to be of particular value in connection with the new words that are constantly streaming into the language from many sources.

The Master Builder

THE LIFE OF IBSEN. By HALVDAN KOHT. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation. W. W. Norton & Co. 1931. 2 vols. $7.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

TWO biographies of Ibsen appeared almost simultaneously; in 1929 a volume of 312 pages called "Ibsen, the Master Builder," by A. E. Zucker, Professor of Comparative Literature in the University of Maryland, while the first volume of Professor Koht's "Life," in the original Norwegian, appeared in 1928 and the second in 1929; the English translation, by Ruth Lima McMahon and Hanna Astrup Larsen, who modestly omit their names from the title-page, came out in 1931. Both these works have an Index, which should have been analytical; but Professor Koht's work has no bibliography, a valuable feature of the other book.

For the English student of Ibsen, the best three books are these and "The Modern Ibsen," by Hermann Weigand, Professor of German at Yale. Professor Weigand's book, which devotes a separate chapter to each of the "modern" plays, beginning with "The Pillars of Society" and ending with "When We Dead Awaken," is brilliant and penetrating criticism; so original as to be, in the best sense of the word, provocative.

If, in the language of Browning, we measure a mind's height by the shade it casts, then Ibsen was indeed a colossus; for, with the single exception of Rostand, every important playwright during the last fifty years has been influenced by the great Norwegian. Apart from his own contributions to dramatic literature, Ibsen's decision to write plays instead of novels was momentous. In the middle of the nineteenth century, the drama in all countries was at low ebb; at the close of the nineteenth century, the drama was supreme, attracting, like the Elizabethan theatre, the most brilliant men of genius. The three foremost writers in Scandinavian history, Ibsen, Björnson, and Strindberg, were playwrights; in Great Birtain and Ireland, Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy, Synge, Yeats; in Belgium, Maeterlinck and Verhaeren; in France, Rostand; in Germany, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Bahr, Schnitzler; in Spain, Echegaray and Benavente; in Italy, d'Annunzio and Pirandello; in Russia, Chekhov, Gorki, Andreiev, Tolstoy.

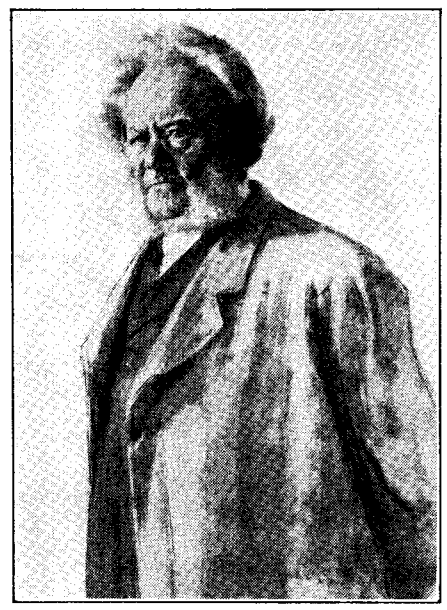
In fact, the most remarkable thing in a survey of recent literature, is the eminence of the stage-play. This is owing more to Ibsen than to any other individual.

Three men of original genius, Browning, born 1812, Wagner, 1813, Ibsen, 1828, had to wait many years for recognition, because there is never any demand for original genius. It has to create the demand as well as the supply. Thus, for a long time, the critics and the public announced that Browning was a philosopher, but no poet; that Wagner had certain undisciplined powers, but could not write opera; that Ibsen was an abnormal psychologist, but no playwright. Today everyone knows that Browning was a greater poet than philosopher; that Wagner was the foremost opera composer; that Ibsen was far greater as a playwright than as a thinker.

Probably no writer during the last hundred years has enjoyed such seclusion, such absolute concentration, as Ibsen. When one thinks of the constant interruptions that assault the modern author, Ibsen's immunity seems unique. Norway gave him a stipend which enabled him and his wife to live without financial worry in a foreign country. Here, without any social or patriotic duties, receiving no visitors, writing hardly any letters, without any amusement, recreation, or athletic exercise, except a short walk, and with Fru Ibsen as the ideal *hausfrau*, Ibsen sat at his desk every morning and worked without interruption of any kind till late in the afternoon; after doing this for two years, he produced a play.

Well, he succeeded beyond the wildest dreams; and he was one of the unhappiest men in the world. I cannot remember any literary work more appalling in its tragic confession, than Ibsen's last play, "When We Dead Awaken." He said "We" and he meant it. He had given his life for his art. Addressing an audience in his native land when he was old, he said his whole life seemed like one quiet afternoon.

Hermann Bahr says there is some power which makes every man of talent do the work he is fitted for, even though he wants to do something else, even though he is weary, disillusioned, heartbroken. Something kept Ibsen chained to his desk, producing one masterpiece after another.



HENRIK IBSEN
FROM A PAINTING BY E. WERENSKIOLD

They are masterpieces; but I do not believe he knew as much about men and women as the average Catholic priest, or a Protestant city clergyman; these men come in contact with more human problems in a week than a secluded novelist or dramatist meets in a year. Ibsen got his plots and his characters externally from the newspapers and internally from his own heart. The greatest of his plays, "The Wild Duck," is directed largely against himself, as "When We Dead Awaken" is wholly. That final drama reminds us of Browning's words in the "Last Ride,"

> And you, great sculptor—so, you gave
> A score of years to Art, her slave,
> And that's your Venus, whence we turn
> To yonder girl that fords the burn!

Nobody knew what "The Masterbuilder" meant (and even now it is not fully understood) until Ibsen's correspondence with Emilie Bardach was published. In the summer of 1889 this young girl flattered the old man to a certain extent by her adoring appreciation of his writings, but mainly by her youtth. He knew he was in danger. Nothing ever pleased the French critics more than this momentary softening of the glacier. They called it "*Le Soleil sur la Neige.*"

The French never cared much for Ibsen. Sarcey called his dog Ibsen. When I saw so admirable an artist as André Antoine in the play "Ghosts," in which he took the part of Oswald, it was not impressive; and the last scene was spoiled when Antoine said "*Donne moi le soleil*" in a pathetic whine, instead of with the somnambulism of paresis.

All that was greatest in Ibsen came out in his plays. There he dreamed of a free, noble community, where independent men and women, free from conventions, free from fear, free from every law except the law of copyright, should walk the streets, rejoicing in the plenitude of their powers. But personally he was a physical coward, he was mean, jealous, ungrateful, treacherous to his great contemporary Björnson, avaricious, stingy, and almost incredibly vain. I suppose the bitter poverty of his early years, which crucified his pride, turned his blood to gall.

And what an end! He had the double tragedy of mental decay with acute consciousness of it. One day his son came upon him when he was trying to draw the letters of the alphabet. "See here, see here what I am doing! I sit here learning to write the alphabet, the alphabet—and yet I was once an author!"

In the familiar photograph which shows Ibsen in a sleigh near his own statue, his pride in his fame must have been alloyed by the thought that the statue had as much blood as he.

Professor Koht's admirable book, almost idolatrous in its attitude toward Ibsen's genius, tells frankly and honestly the story of his life; and the explanations of the origins and sources of the plays are of great value.

As I stood in front of the theatre in Christiania, and regarded the two statues of Norway's greatest men—Ibsen and Björnson—I marvelled at the skill by which the sculptor revealed the temperament of both. Ibsen is standing, with frock coat closely buttoned, in an attitude of meditation. Björnson, with his coat thrown wide open, is looking outward and upward, ready to meet anything human or divine.

The son of Ibsen married the daughter of Björnson; and their child used to stand in front of these statues, and say, "These are my grandfathers!"

William Lyon Phelps, Lampson professor of English at Yale University, critic, and one of the most popular and widely known lecturers in the United States, has been one of the outstanding American interpreters of Ibsen for many years.

The American University

THE THEORY OF EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES. By ALBERT JAY NOCK. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

NO educable person, in any proper sense of the term, can get an education in any American college with which Mr. Nock is acquainted. On the other hand, education, in Mr. Nock's meaning of the attainment of humane serenity in all human affairs, can be got anywhere in Europe, practically for the asking. This, in his own words, is the thesis of the slender volume comprising the Page-Barbour lectures at the University of Virginia for 1931.

The cause of this deplorable state of affairs is democracy, with its three-ply heresy of equalitarianism, lower cultural level, and literacy. But, you object, we thought England was the home of the pass degree, involving no work at all. We have heard a man can stay on indefinitely at a German university without being dropped. Students tell us that the Sorbonne is frightfully crowded, and the professors overworked. Are not students increasing in every country? Is not literacy universal? Then why pick on us?

Because, forsooth, our great urban and state universities have assumed the functions which the guilds exercised in former days. Technical training for the white-collar trades has ruined the peace of mind of the humanist. Serenity is gone, when he begrudges the use of a single university classroom to a course in hotel management. Bad money drives out good, says Mr. Nock, in a most inurbane comparison (the adjective is his). Is a good inn, then, a bad thing? Does Mr. Nock really sigh for a medieval tavern?

There is a curious lack of robustness about all this, something approaching a whine. We read it in Dr. Learned's wholesale generalizations, on entirely insufficient data, about the incalculable superiority of the European gymnasium to our college. We grow weary of it in Mr. Flexner's horror-stricken tones, as he carries the white lily of pure science down the soiled Piccadilly of modern life. In Mr. Nock's book, as in other humanistic writings, it becomes mere railing.

The Golden Age of American education was when Lowell taught criticism and Longfellow taught Dante. They have been replaced by "a biologist and a physicist," according to Mr. Nock. We have heard that Lowes taught criticism, and that Grandget taught Dante; but apparently we are mistaken. There is no criticism at Harvard, no Dante. Out of this Golden Age of 1880 came true education; Clyde Fitch, we suppose, in drama. Our age can produce only an O'Neill. Encomiast of the past, Mr. Nock waxes lyric as he tells of the classical culture of the 'eighties and 'nineties. "When he reached the under-

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graduate college at the age of sixteen or so, all his language difficulties with Greek and Latin were forever behind him; he could read anything in either tongue." This astounding piece of information describes the college course prior to 1895. One wonders whether Mr. Nock ever examined a college catalogue of that day. The statement is commended to the editor of the next "Oh, Yeah?"

The facts are precisely the reverse. Classical students of today read far more widely than they did in the past. Modern languages are now better taught in America than in Europe. What European lycée, for instance, has formulated a junior year in America?

Moreover, the increase in numbers of students has meant higher salaries, better libraries, more popular editions of the classics. In the competition for better teachers, the brilliant men are more rapidly advanced, and facilities for travel, research, writing, and other aids to culture are showered upon them. The universities have greatly increased their plants, it is true, but it is because of the demands of the apostles of culture, who want comfortable quarters, beautiful architecture, regulated temperature, and every other perquisite of modern life. It is right that they should have them; but it is inconsistent to demand them and then attack the administration because the same funds cannot be spent a second time in raising salaries.

Let us take the most materially minded of the urban universities, New York University. Curious, is it not, that this center of vocational training should have developed fine arts at Fontainebleau, that it should be New York University that purveys art, music, drama to the metropolitan student? If Mr. Nock wishes to find, not a humane serenity, but a passionate absorption in the life of beauty, he will find it in the classes of this school. I note that the modern language associations, like the classical associations, have found headquarters within it.

The American college, with all its defects of human weakness, possesses vitality. It affects, and is affected by, its environment. The highest genius is rarely found in it; American heredity is probably inferior to European. The aristocracy did not migrate. But of ability of the second grade, of education within the scope of American life, there is no lack. A conference of self-directed, eager students, such as that I witnessed last week in Toledo, of the National Student Federation of America, would have been impossible a generation ago. *Pace* Mr. Nock, the American students have arrived. If humanism has no use for them, so much the worse for humanism.

Henry Noble MacCracken, himself President of Vassar College, comes of a family of college presidents, his father having been head of New York University and his brother of Lafayette College.

The Harbor Press of New York announces its second poetry contest which is primarily for poets who have never had their work published in book form. The first Harbor Press Poetry Contest was held in 1930, and Joan Ramsay, author of the prize-winning manuscript "Horns in Velvet" is offering the prize of $500 this year. The judges are William Allan Neilson, President of Smith College, Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, Louis How, Miss Laura Benét, and Charles Hanson Towne. Full particulars may be had from the Poetry Contest Editor, The Harbor Press, Inc., 305 East 45th Street, New York City.

"Some years ago," says the London *Observer*, "a group of scholars conceived the idea of a new work of reference—a complete bibliography of English literature. The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press readily consented to supplement the fifteen volumes of the Cambridge History of English Literature by a unified bibliography, which should be related to the History (which contains its own small special bibliographies) much as a historical atlas is related to a general political history with its detailed battle plans. Soon the Cambridge Bibliography was seen to be growing upon lines of its own, and an entirely independent series of volumes will now be published in the coming year."

A Fairy Tale of Today

BOOM IN PARADISE. By T. H. WEIGALL. New York: Alfred H. King. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THE Florida boom of 1925 is one of those episodes which, like the heroines of the "Arabian Nights," confound the imagination of the poet and the prose writer. It was almost a perfect case history of the process of inflation and puncture; but it was also the latest of the great Aryan migrations, perhaps the last chapter in the story that began when the ancestors of the men who wrote the Iliad and the Rig-Veda pushed over the mountains toward the palm trees and the southern sea. And it was, besides, one of those fourth-dimensional experiences of mass madness that can never be quite appreciated by one who was not there, and never quite intelligibly reported by one who was.

So we have not, and may never have, a really satisfactory history of the boom. Mr. Weigall's book does not pretend to be a history; it is the record of what one man saw and experienced; but for all its unevenness and occasional inaccuracies, it comes nearer to reproducing the essential spirit of those days than any other book that this reviewer has seen. Through most of the period the author was a member of the Coral Gables publicity staff, and a good deal of his story deals naturally with this typical development. The viewpoint seems to have misled Mr. Burton Rascoe, who writes the introduction, into supposing that Florida was invented by George Merrick and consists of Coral Gables and a few suburbs; but you will find no such misconception in the book.

Mr. Weigall is an English newspaperman who had seen enough of the world to appreciate the other-worldliness of Florida, and retained enough youthful ingenuousness to be properly astonished. He went to Florida—penniless, and in a day coach—for to admire and for to see. He understands how much hooey and how much plain falsehood was intermingled with the lofty idealism of real estate development; but he appreciates the real values that were and are in Florida, however they may have been inflated. Americans who take their own country for granted, may find something to ponder in their hearts in these observations by an Englishman who writes primarily for English readers; but the best thing in the book is its reproduction of the self-hypnosis that possessed everyone who was in Florida in those days—till the morning when for no discernible reason you awoke with the cold certainty that it was all a mistake, that the king was naked after all.

There is a good deal about Jimmie Walker. Weigall accompanied him in his triumphal progress through Florida and Cuba, just after his first election as mayor; was fascinated by him, and—writing for English readers to whom Walker is only a name—catches the essence of Walker's charm as surely as he catches the essence of Florida. These pages make rather sad reading for the New Yorkers who have had six years' experience of Jimmie since then, and find it hard to recall the bright expectations of those first days when the dull weight of Hylanism had just been thrown off, and in New York as in Miami anything was possible. But Weigall, beyond the sea, knows nothing of that; his story is a glamorous reminiscence, a fairy tale that happened far away and long ago.

Elmer Davis, journalist, novelist, critic, and commentator on present-day America, has spent considerable time in the past years in Florida, and has seen himself the dramatic developments which Mr. Weigall's book recounts.

FLORIDA SANDBAR

FROM A DRAWING BY LOUISE TURCK FOR CARITA DOGGETT CORSÉS "THE KEY TO THE GOLDEN ISLANDS" (UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS).

American Archaeology

COLUMBUS CAME LATE. By GREGORY MASON. New York: The Century Co. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by PHILIP AINSWORTH MEANS

IN his Prologue the author of this book explains that he wishes to lure people away from jig-saw puzzles, bridge, crossword puzzles, and other intellectual recreations and to direct their mental energies to the study of American archæology. The question in this reviewer's mind is: How desirable is it that a drove of former bridge-fiends be turned loose on American archæological problems? If they can be stimulated only enough to make them buy, read, and believe the books which properly trained scholars write, well and good. But if they are to be stimulated so much that they will all rush into print themselves, disaster, chaos, and despair will inevitably follow.

Mr. Mason's book is an excellent panoramic view of the wide area of American archæology by a man who has had an exceptionally brilliant career as a field-archæologist and as a writer on archæological subjects. In this new volume he gives a well-balanced account of all the more advanced native peoples of America, that is, of the Western Hemisphere. Although the book is devoid of bibliographical and incidental notes, the lack is made up in the text, every line of which displays intimate and profound knowledge of the subject. The illustrations are numerous and very good.

Chapters I and II are an eloquent plea in behalf of the acceptance of man's considerable antiquity in America. Mr. Mason urges us to remember and to believe that American culture was undoubtedly developed in America, but that man (regarded as an animal) came into America from Asia thousands of years ago. With this thesis no sane person will, I think, disagree; certainly not Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, with whom Mr. Mason appears to find himself in disagreement. The difficulty comes in trying to determine how many thousands of years can safely be ascribed to man's occupation of this hemisphere. That is a point not yet settled.

After reading Chapters I and II one ought to read at once Chapter XVI which is a delightful exposé of sundry idiocies perpetrated by James Churchward (Father of Mu, the Lost Continent), G. E. Smith, W. J. Perry, and W. H. R. Rivers, sponsors of the spectacular but quite baseless "heliolithic" theory by which we are invited to believe in what Mr. Mason calls "the obscenity that man has been inventive only once, and then in Egypt." This whole chapter is a masterly and much needed argument against all such fascinating follies. It is likewise full of suggestions for a deeper and more true understanding of native American art, religion, and science.

All the chapters of Mr. Mason's book are stimulating and highly informative. Therefore, I will mention only certain ones which are of conspicuous importance. Chapter X, with the slightly journalistic title, "Ancient America Was Built by Business Men," is the best general survey known to me of the economic and commercial aspects of ancient American culture. Chapter XIII is a presentation of "The World's Most Succesful Experiment in Socialism," i.e., the Inca empire. It harps upon the regimentation of society and on its dulness, but it overemphasizes the cloying effect of the system. The thing which Mr. Mason seems to forget here is the Incas' care to provide plentiful moments of enjoyment for their subjects, in the way of religious festivals, calendric festivals, games and sports, and markets or fairs. Moreover, wants were few and simple, and they were all filled through the activities of the state. I think that the lot of the Incas' subjects was far better than is that of our masses with their innumerable half formulated desires and their unrealizable ambitions with respect to the Jones family. But Mr. Mason's views on the other side are provocative.

In short, I have no hesitation in highly recommending this book to everyone, even to specialists. It is authoritative; its points of view are novel and make one think; it is crammed with intelligence.

Philip Ainsworth Means was associate in anthropology at the Peabody Museum, Harvard, 1921-27, a member of the Yale Peruvian Expedition of 1914-15, and has traveled for the Smithsonian Institution, the Museum of the American Indian, and the American Geographical Society in Peru and Bolivia. From 1920-21 he was director of the National Museum of Archæology, Lima, Peru. He is the author of several books.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

THE WEATHER TREE. By MARISTAN CHAPMAN. *Viking.*

A story of the Tennessee Mountains, noteworthy for its portrayal of a regional people and for its reproduction of their poetic and flavorsome manner of speech.

THE CHENEY REPORT. *National Association of Book Publishers.*

The findings of an extensive investigation into the procedure and condition of the book trade.

THE DOUBLE HEART. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. *Harpers.*

A study of Julie de Lespinasse.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY *Contributing Editor*
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The BOWLING GREEN

Nation-Wide

III. THE BIOGRAPHER

THIS is not only the biography of Richard Roe but a biography of that biography.

What are the qualifications desirable in a man who dares to write another man's life? Lawrence Hubbard, whom I have mentioned simply as "the biographer," had several. He had been an accountant, and credit man for Erskine Brothers (the big publishing house), therefore he had a desirable tincture of pessimism, a respect for probity, and pencils always beautifully sharpened. He had been what is called disappointed in love, which operated, fifteen years later, as a good-humored tolerance of sentiment. He had inherited a little money and by some incredible chance had taken "a piece of the show" in a successful musical comedy. He was a great believer in the only law that is unerringly enforced, the law of averages.

He had reached that period—it usually comes somewhere in the fifth decade—when a man decides that if he is ever going to do anything worth while he had better get started. Worth *whose* while? he then asked himself, and decided that no one's while was as important as his own. Certainly his idea of writing a book seemed preposterous. In the days when he worked for Erskine he had accumulated quite a number of books, but the idea of reading them scarcely occurred to him. They still stood in a bookcase in their original jackets. Now he got out several, especially the biographies, and looked at them. Extraordinary thought, how does one write a book? He remembered the authors, mostly a shambling and ill-favored crew, whom he had seen passing in and out of the Erskine office. He had subconsciously resented them, as a publisher's accountant does: he symbolized them graphically as a wedge-shaped gouge (like a large slab of pie) excising something like 18% from that perfect but imaginary circle called The Publisher's Dollar.

When independence came to him he did not jeopardize it by uttering any Declaration. His first acquaintance with disinterested thought, arriving in maturity, found him shrewd in practice and naive in spirit. He was unspoiled by education and sophistry. Now that he had no job it was amazing how much pleasure there was just feeling his mind in motion. He flirted with all sorts of æsthetic notions, such as taking piano lessons, collecting china and glass, adopting a child, studying international economics. He thought of going to college, preferably to a graduate school of Business Administration. The prophecies uttered by fiscal pundits during the notorious Depression of 1929-31 averted him from that intention. Instead, he went to some lectures on anatomy with a vague idea of painting nudes. How marvellous, and how rare, is that new boyhood of middle life for those few souls who have opportunity to cultivate it.

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Into his unexpected scheme of writing the Life of Roe he put both a serious and a mystical fervor. At least he had the prime requisite of a biographer, conviction of his subject's importance. When he learned that Roe also had once worked for Erskine Brothers he felt a queer twinge of excitement. Other conjunctions emerged later.

Hubbard was methodical. He hired a room where he would be entirely undisturbed. He put in a large table, a pencil-sharpener, and a series of deep pigeonholed shelves against the wall. Each compartment he labelled for the various people who had known Richard Roe, or the different phases of Roe's career as he learned about them. In their proper divisions he filed letters, memoranda, and the gradually accumulating testimony. To begin with he had only a dozen such pigeon-holes. They were allotted as follows:

Lucille Roe, widow
Gladys Roe, daughter
Peke, the dog
Hazel Schmaltz, Lucille's sister
Herman Schmaltz, Hazel's husband
George Work
William J. Schaefer
Vogelsang
Furness
Von Ulm
} friends of R. R.
Morris ("Shad") Roe, brother
Erskine Bros., former employers

It was characteristic of the perplexities of biography that a pigeon-hole just as important as any of these was not even included in his first lay-out.

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Unaware how much work there was to be done, Hubbard stood off and contemplated the shelves thoughtfully. What strange wraiths of that obscure and vanished life would come drifting into the several compartments? It was a great thing to be the unauthorized biographer of an unknown human being. Perhaps all biographies should be unauthorized? In that way, unimpeded by influence or prejudice, the fatal germ of human identity might be isolated? He remembered something George Work said one day. George had visited a foundry where they showed him the actual mixing of type-metal. Behind every bit of printed matter, George said, is the basic alloy, the special formula for the mixture of tin, brass, lead, zinc (whatever it is) from which the types are cast. The phrase ran in Hubbard's mind—"Behind every book is the basic alloy." What was the basic alloy involved in being human?

In this biography, Hubbard suddenly thought, he might not only Make a Name for Richard Roe, but also for himself.

IV. HERMAN AND HAZEL

Herman Schmaltz, a loyal soul, used to say of the two sisters, "I took the pick of the pair. Lucille's got more bosom, but Hazel's got more bean. Just the same, marrying sisters is bound to give two fellows something in common. Like two salesmen shooting at the same prospect. Richard and me got along fine."

It was not easy to lure Herman into talk. Solid Germanic wariness lay deep in him; there was clam-juice in his blood. He rarely joined the boys at lunch in Jules's back-kitchen, preferring to have sandwiches of tuna fish and liverwurst and a bucket of coffee sent up to his office, where he munched solemnly, dripping a little mayonnaise on his blotter and studying graphs of the paper-box business. But Hazel Schmaltz was clever enough to know how to get conversation started. When Herman arrived home one afternoon and found her on the living-room couch with the evening paper and a frosty cocktail shaker waiting on the card-table he was too surprised and pleased to suspect any manœuvre. By the time they sat down to dinner he was genially primed for examination.

Hazel was dangerously casual. She knew that the average husband is a more sensitive organism than generally supposed. A lowering brow sends the cautious creature into deep recesses, the gloomy sea-caverns where the masculine mind lurks like the squid.

"How's business?" she asked.

"Rotten," he replied. "We got a little pick-up just after the first of the year, but I noticed in the diagrams we got the same in January '30 and January '31; it didn't mean nothing. People ain't selling goods, so naturally they don't need cartoons to pack 'em in."

"Never mind, Herm; I expect you get your share."

"Maybe so. Anyhow I'm going to call in one of the men off the road. The way things are we can sell cheaper by phone."

"Don't let it get your goat. Have some of the boys up here for a party some night. They can play poker and I'll go and cheer up Lucille. Why don't you ask that Mr. Hubbard? What's the idea anyway, wanting to write a story about Dick? Is he a nut? Dick never did anything to make books about, did he?"

"I think it's some kind of a notion George Work put into his head," said Herman. "He got an idea that a plain everyday bird like Dick ought to get a break somehow. I don't exactly tumble to it myself, but I guess it's all right."

"But he's not in the writing business, is he? I thought you said he was a collection agent or something."

"Those collection men write some pretty smart letters; I've had 'em in the mail."

"There wasn't anything fishy in Dick's life, was there? I mean, you might think Hubbard was a detective, he wants to know the craziest things. The other evening Lucille just happened to let out how Dick liked to make himself a bowl of crackers and milk before he went to bed; Hubbard wants to see the bowl. They had a laugh out of that because she's using it for the dog. I mean to say, what's Hubbard think he's doing, writing a mystery story? Books are all right to read once and a while, but you don't want 'em getting inside the family."

"I wouldn't worry about Dick," said Herman. "He was all right. Besides Hubbard couldn't possibly dig up enough stuff to make more'n a magazine article about him. He was one crackerjack salesman and that's about all there was to it. He certainly made a good thing out of those desk-sets. Remember when he was on the road for Erskine Brothers; that's when he got the idea. There was a party one night, somebody stuck a cigar-holder in a baked potato—I don't know why, just one of those crazy things—and Dick happened to be writing something. He sticks his pen in the tube for a moment, and that gives him the idea for those swivel pen-holders. Minnie Hutzler was there—she was stationery buyer for Jake and Ed Hack in Detroit. She says, you put the idea on the market and I can sell a raft of 'em. I guess if Hubbard wants dope on Dick he could get a load of it from Minnie."

"She's one of the trustees, isn't she?"

"Good thing, too. She'll keep that business going if anyone can. You know she was Dick's secretary when he started his own outfit. She grew up to be a member of the firm, but he never could give dictation to nobody but her."

"I always wondered was there anything between them two," suggested Hazel; too crafty to lift her voice to a question-mark at the end of the sentence.

"It struck me funny to see Lucille high-hat Minnie; as a matter of fact if it hadn't been for Minnie, Lucille would have had a lot less than she's got. Minnie Hutzler stood up to Dick and made him revise the papers. I know, because I was one of the executors. Minnie's a good sport."

"I guess maybe she can afford to be," was Hazel's only comment.

George had a feeling that his retreat was being cut off.

"Well, there ain't anything in all that stuff that would make a story," he observed cautiously. "By the way, you don't happen to know what Dick's birthday was, do you? Hubbard was asking. It seems Lucille and Gladys don't remember. I guess it don't matter."

"Miss Hutzler might know."

"Aw honey, let it lay," said Herman uneasily. "What say we go out and catch a picture?"

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He surrendered himself comfortably to the movie. The brilliant front of the theatre, the tall doorman in a long maroon coat, the gilded lobby, the crowded house, visions of luxury on the screen, all these were what his mood required; the perfect drug. Not even yet had he outgrown those half shamefaced twinges of ambitious impulse caused by the heroes of the films: secret resolutions to be handsome and notable. How pleasantly positive are the sounds transmitted by the talking film. Footsteps, tappings, crumpled paper, rippling water, ringing telephones—all just delicately unlifelike, the subtle consolation of unreality. They pop, hiss, crackle, and crepitate as though each sound were frying in just a little too much grease. With faint sheepishness Herman submitted to the more sentimental passages, those amorous bussings which directors prolong by ingenious calculus: almost long enough to satisfy the women in the audience, but not quite so long as to embarrass the men. There was a stenographer in the picture who reminded him of Minnie Hutzler. "I guess maybe there *is* something about some of those Jewish women," he brooded. "They seem to have a capacity for giving a man what he needs, love him for himself." . . . He might have been on the edge of some interesting racial speculations, but the blessed anodyne of the film swept thought away. He loosened the top trouser button, patted Hazel's knee, and sat back to enjoy. The audience squatted in twilight, just eyes bulged over a warm stupor, like a thousand frogs in a swamp.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Baroque and Rococo

A CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE MODERN AGE. By EGON FRIEDELL. Volume II: Baroque and Rococo; Enlightenment and Revolution. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $5.

HERR FRIEDELL'S latest volume, which carries his "Cultural History" from the Thirty Years War to the Congress of Vienna, does not altogether fulfil the promise of its predecessor. In the first volume there was developed an original, if not wholly convincing, thesis for the transition from medieval to modern times. At the very least, the book represented a brilliantly interesting attempt to write Spenglerian narrative. What gave it importance was not merely the novelty of Herr Friedell's theory nor the engaging dogmatism of his treatment but also the fact that the book as a whole held together. One might regard the main argument as absurd or inspired, but none could deny that the author had selected his material so astutely that even apparent irrelevancies became significant details.

By comparison, the new volume seems diffuse and labored. There is the same epigrammatic facility and acute characterization; and the bypaths of modern history along which one is conducted seem, in the main, pleasantly unfamiliar. But the topography is vague. The author's sense of direction, which guides him adequately enough through the Baroque, takes leave somewhere between the Rococo and the Enlightenment. From that point on, Herr Friedell seems uncertain as to where it is all leading, and the reader is obliged to share in the evident confusion. The net result is a compromise between conventional history and the author's historical prejudices. A more rigorous winnowing of material would have made the book infinitely more assimilable. As it is, Herr Friedell has done less than justice to his undoubted gifts.

Mary Day Lanier, widow of the poet, Sidney Lanier, died recently at the age of eighty-seven. "During the lifetime of her husband, whose work has come to be recognized as one of the foremost contributions to American literature," says a dispatch to the *Herald-Tribune*, Mrs. Lanier was the poet's constant companion, and an inspiration in his literary and musical work. Since his death in 1881 she had, through voluminous correspondence and many public readings of his poems, made his work known throughout the country.

"Mrs. Lanier, after her husband's death, traveled from city to city reading his poems in public. A prolific letter writer, her correspondence, containing quotations, references, and bibliography, also served to extend the scope of her husband's fame."

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THE BOOK INDUSTRY

Here's a pretty state of things!
Here's a pretty howdy-do!

THE Cheney report,* just issued by the National Association of Book Publishers, blows the lid off the book industry. It is a significant document for the future of the illusive thing we call intelligence in our contemporary American life. Not just for "literary" America, but for every man-jack of us confronted by unemployment, international debts, the rearing of children, and the other complexities and potentialities of modern living, it is an event of first-rate importance. For in a very real sense the book industry is a sort of neck of the bottle through which we receive the most effective thinking of our contemporary world addressed to the understanding and control of ourselves and our environment.

The book industry is not the private concern of the little group of business men engaged in it, but a public utility. The "trade" has a fine tradition of public service. This tradition has worn thin of late at many points under the pressure of modern competitive merchandising, and some in the trade have in fact showed signs of abandoning it altogether for a brisk, public-be-damned attitude. Despite the national business policy of "ragged individualism," the tide is beginning to set at a number of points in our business culture towards a tentative recognition that the provision of necessities partakes of the nature of a public service. It should be a matter of no small pride to the trade that in the making of this study and the public issuing of this report, with the promise both carry for a sounder functioning by the industry, it is resuming its position high among the industries willing to view their role imaginatively in terms of their social function.

As a matter of fact it was not wholly altruism that prompted the undertaking of this study of the economic structure of the industry by the National Association of Book Publishers, with financial coöperation from the allied trades. The decision to make the study grew out of a healthy apprehension over the state of the industry, a condition by no means caused by the depression though considerably aggravated by it. Mr. Cheney says at the outset, "The book industry as a whole is not backward compared with any other industry as a whole" and "—there are few, if any, industries, big or little, which can claim fewer serious problems." Without defending the wasteful, creaking practices that hobble current business enterprise, it is possible to say that the above quotations are over-optimistic and that the body of the report, following this pleasant introduction, proves this.

The present reviewer found in working over the Census of Manufactures statistics of production in some two hundred American industries that the published statistics of the book industry are, despite the best efforts of the Census offices, among the least reliable of the entire group—ranking with the chaotic furniture industry. Mr. Cheney stresses repeatedly the inadequacy of the existing statistics of the industry, saying that, "In this respect, the book industry is far behind the majority of the others." The industry is characterized by him as "at present organized to kill demand as quickly as possible." "Illiteracy is of no importance to the industry compared with the economic illiteracy of those in it." A current trade practice is spoken of as "one of the natural concomitants of blind publishing and blind distribution." Of the credit structure of the industry the Report says:

> This structure, as it stands now, is an insecure conglomeration of some members substantial in themselves, tied together in a haphazard way to very weak members—the whole ornamented by "bright ideas" precariously projected, and at the same time corroded and undermined by inefficiency, unsound competitive practices, blindness, fear, and the sycophancy and brutality which spring from fear.

The industry is characterized by the author of the Report as "little business," requiring both on its publishing and book-selling sides relatively little capital. But its difficulties are not wholly traceable to size. It is a very special sort of little business, attracting a type of personality frequently averse or maladapted to the rugged, often ruthless, "businesslike" methods of the street, blessed and cursed by the "literary" tradition and by self-conscious respectability, over-dominated by nepotism, dependent on the most incalculable source of raw material confronting any industry, a mysterious little business of slender margins and relatively very high frequency of obsolescence of product and of necessary speculation on new titles, a business in which "the banker and the publisher have hardly learned to talk each other's language."

The book industry is a sick public personage. And like any important man in a public position a time comes when it can no longer trade on its honorable lineage and traditions and insist on its rights to privacy in a dubious private life. Mr. Cheney anticipates objections from within the trade, on the ground that the book industry is "different" and not to be judged by ordinary standards, that "we have nothing to learn," that the entire plan for the study was abortive, and that the industry has nothing to gain from coöperative effort. Actually, the very complexities of the book business make the assuming of a lofty pose on sentimental grounds the less tolerable. If the Report means anything it means that the book industry must be *more* business-like and coöperative than many another industry wherever it can in order to afford to be more hazardous and therefore ostensibly more unbusiness-like where it should and must because of the nature of its product. The Report will have to fight for its life in the trade if these inescapable next steps are not simply to be "received and filed" by the industry. This widespread publication in book form, however, augurs well for the fact that a dominant group in the industry do not mean to let the matter die here.

Before taking up for detailed consideration the diagnosis of this sickness offered by the Report, it is not inappropriate to raise bluntly a point already raised by implication: What is the aim of the book industry? The very fact of assimilating publishing and bookselling, with their large elements of creative, personal, valueful activity to the category of an "industry" tends to force our consideration of its role into certain stereotyped patterns of "manufacturing," "merchandising," "volume," "turnover," and "productive efficiency" applicable to automobiles, electric refrigerators, and canned soup. The title of the Report, "Economic Survey of the Book Industry," emphasizes these considerations. As a result, broad as is the perspective of the Report, it omits specific treatment, for example, of the all-important consideration of the public's stake in each step of the publishing and distributing process. The Report, so framed within the categories of industrial practices, omits consideration of the criteria by which these practices are to be judged.

Take the matter of book prices, for instance. A chart reveals the well-known low percentage of books priced at $4.00, with the percentages of titles published at $3.50 and at $5.00 towering almost equally on either side and the percentage of $3.00 books almost as high as the $3.50 and $5.00 percentages. The publisher's familiar avoidance of a $4.00 price is based on the assumption that "You can get $5.00 for a book as easily as you can get $4.00." What is the price policy of the trade? The report contents itself with an analysis of trends in actual prices set on books over the three-year period, the statement of the importance of volume as affecting price, the statement that, "the dollar new book experiment did not prove or disprove that the price of new books could be radically cut," and the conclusion that "the price structure of the book industry . . . is a growth which has developed over many years. Unfortunately, it is a growth which roots in hazardous soil and branches in darkness." Here and there in publishing, notably in the Home University Library, the Modern Library, Everyman's, and in reprints of classics by such houses as the Oxford University Press, one sees a definite "policy" at work to issue sound books as widely as possible at the lowest possible price. Some of the better university presses, taking their obligations to scholarship seriously, have in general sought the lowest possible prices compatible with the difficult nature of their technical materials. On the other hand at least one prominent publisher has had a policy in the opposite direction which has said in effect: "Prices are too low. If people want a book they will buy it and there are enough people to buy at my price to give me my profit. So push up prices." Most publishers, harried by the uncertainties of publishing, largely follow the price tradition of the industry, pushing up the price of fiction to $2.50 when they think they can "get away with it," and dropping back to $2.00 in times like these.

An even sharper test of the industry's price policy appears in the case of books that have made good and paid handsomely. By and large, and short of an *assured* new and widespread distribution at a cheaper price, publishers usually see "no point"—and it does not occur to the Cheney report to raise it—in a definite policy of letting the intelligent reading public participate in a title's success when assured income warrants. The alleged benefit of a competitive economy is that it takes care of just such cases—and it does after a fashion in bread, soup, cigarettes, but not in books. Such a point as this will seem fantastic to most publishers and one has large sympathy with their position in view of their losses on other titles and of the pressure of authors for royalties. The reason for raising the point here is not to argue for it, but to underscore this significant omission by the "Economic Survey" of the aims of the book industry defined in terms wide enough to include not merely economic considerations of profit and loss but also the purposes and concerns of books and readers.

One of the important reiterations throughout the report is the need to "discover the reader"—meaning the analysis of who read books, why, how, and where. "The industry has been so concerned with the book that it has forgotten the reader." Analyses are offered of population distributed geographically by occupation, reader literacy, periodical circulation, income, per capita consumption of necessities and luxuries according to the recent Federal Census of Distribution, "cultural level," and actual potential sales of books. Insofar as these are not simply republications of standard data, one has no way of judging their adequacy, since here as elsewhere through the Report there is an almost total failure to divulge the statistical bases for the figures given. From this technical standpoint, the new data spread throughout the Report are so veiled—either through its essential inadequacy as in the analysis of reading habits of small samples of bankers and religious workers, or through inexperience, through a desire to cover up the inexactness of the estimates, or through the pressure within the industry to disguise absolutely all conceivable marks of identification as to source—as to leave one almost precisely where one was before, in the dark. But in the course of the emphasis upon the need to discover the reader, excellent as that emphasis is, one feels again the limitation of the Report's—and this applies to the industry generally—concern for the reader: Find out about him in order to sell him more books. A perfectly good point of view, but how about the reader's share in the business?

The Report sensibly refuses to sanction the present breaking up of the industry into two processes—publishing and book-selling. It insists upon the publisher's share in the responsibility for a book until it is sold. But there it stops. Mr. Cheney insists that a book is not sold by the publisher until it is sold by the retailer. And why stop there under our present publishing methods, wherein the value of a publisher's imprint is "in most cases, under present conditions, almost negligible" as signifying anything to the reader about the worth of the book; in which publishers' jacket blurbs and advertising are for the most part brazenly directed at selling the book rather than at helping the reader to decide whether or not he wants the book; in which book reviewing tends to be largely favorable and largely uncritical in any thoroughgoing sense; and in which booksellers buy their stocks largely in the dark and make little pretense to knowing anything essential about the insides of the books they sell or about the needs of the bulk of the people to whom they sell? At a time when many American industries have been forced by competition and the movement towards standardization and brand reputability to abandon the obfuscation and bamboozling of the consumer that characterized the backwoods era of wooden nutmeg bartering, the book industry continues to adhere as standard practice to levels of disguise, non-information, and misinformation in marketing its nutmegs that sometimes almost rival current cigarette merchandising.

And Mr. Publisher and Mr. Bookseller, some of us burnt children are becoming warier every day! For your own sakes, can you afford to turn your backs on what happens after one of us readers takes your word for it and gives you our hard-earned money for a book? Isn't an inevitable step, if much lost ground of reader confidence is to be regained and your businesses rehabilitated, the carrying on of publisher's and bookseller's responsibility to the stage of regarding no book as sold until the reader either is glad he bought it or decides, against your ballyhoo, that he doesn't want it? The Report speaks of the industry's concern over lack of shelf space in modern compact homes and of the efforts by the trade to increase the frequency of built-in shelving in new homes. And yet, every book on my shelves that I am sorry I bought, that I feel that I might better have skimmed for its meagre fare in a library copy, is a standing argument to me not to *buy* books. The old books I'll never reread but which I store on top shelves in closets or in the basement because they cost me good money, fairly shout to me whenever I get my overcoat out of the hall closet, "Don't buy us—use a library." Until the book industry is willing to service in an out-and-out fashion its invaluable final link, the consumer, the latter's resistance is going to continue one of the avoidable things that make the industry so sick. Fewer meretricious books published, more honest and better informed reader-information about books, more second-hand stores called by more dignified names, "once-read" counters of virtually fresh current books resold by readers to "new" bookstores at something better than fifteen or twenty cents on the dollar, and an aggressive coöperative policy of buying

*ECONOMIC SURVEY OF THE BOOK INDUSTRY: 1930-31. Final Report. By O. H. CHENEY. National Association of Book Publishers. 1932.

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by Robert S. Lynd

up, retiring, and scrapping old, worthless books in publishers' stock-rooms, in new and second-hand bookstores, and in home libraries are among the things that would help to this end.

❧ ❧

At the very outset the industry faces a unique difficulty in the nature of its raw materials. Really good manuscripts are not mined, quarried, or fabricated and cannot be scheduled to meet the exigencies of an assembly line. One is tempted to say that it is usually a mistake when a publisher, merchandising under steadily pressing overhead, attempts to put authors on an assembly schedule. And yet, the Report speaks of "building up an author" as one of the chief creative functions of the publisher. One wonders whether a prime mistake is the professionalization of authorship, the encouragement of people to try to spin books out of their viscera fast enough to support them financially—a procedure that has had disastrous results for "literature," for "creative insight," for "close, hard-bitten, careful thinking" in current periodical writing?

The results of current "author building" and professionalized authorship have long and aggravating ramifications down through the industry. The report says: "Most of the readable books in the specialized fields are simply 'finds.'" Also, "A book has to be very bad not to be published." "There is a tendency for standards to deteriorate—publishers will try to take advantage of a public interest by setting a ninth-rate writer to work on a tenth-rate book." At present publishers are so busy building competitive lists and developing manuscripts ("over a period of the past ten years, the number of titles has been increasing more rapidly than the number of publishers") that they are charged in the Report with being poor merchants. What would happen if they shifted the shoes over and returned to earlier, more modest traditional policies of waiting more passively for mature manuscripts that really are "finds" and were to put a corresponding increment of their time and energies into a type of merchandising that penetrated to the ultimate satisfied consumer? The publishers say, according to the Report, that they will publish better manuscripts when there are better manuscripts to publish. Are present policies, as in the periodical field and in the face of hopeless competition of the periodicals for just good enough manuscripts ("—in too many cases the material in books is the same as the periodical material"), simply ending in foul ing the publishers' own nests?

The time pressure, wasteful skimping, and "gambling methods" involved in handling lists of the present size under current methods is roundly brought out by the Report. ". . . in only a negligible proportion of cases do publishers make any attempt to study the distribution of individual titles except for use in making up 'quotas' in particular cases for particular stores." ". . . almost the entire promotional efforts of the industry, with the exception of reprint publishing, is devoted to 'putting over' new books." And yet we read of "the usual lack of a merchandising program for each title"; "the prevailing ignorance throughout the house as to why a specific title may be expected to sell"; the "lack of coördination between the men on the road and the home office"; "the acceptance of a manuscript by a publisher, under present conditions, means that in a majority of cases a book will receive a christening celebration, a short—and frequently ignoble—life, and an early death, without peace. The manuscripts which escape this fate are few and far between, and the books we hear about are usually those which escape"; "the industry is at present organized to kill demand as quickly as possible. There are relatively few titles which survive this organized book murder"; "the life of a book is one of the most terrifying phenomena of publishing—and it will continue to be so as long as the industry works on the spawning theory"; "the most frequent length of active life is between four and five months. Charts of a large number of life histories of all types of titles show a monotonous repetition of the same life cycle"; ". . . the competition between books . . . prevails at every step in the publishing and distributing process"; "of the total number of new trade books available, not sixty per cent achieve fair representation in bookstores, and of those that do, not ten per cent receive even fair merchandising attention"; "the publisher's function is clearly to protect the public from bad books—but it is just as vital to protect good books from bad ones. To this task the present system of reading by publishers is not adapted"; "the making of the list is a process usually involving a struggle between firm faith in the spawning theory; the theory of the 'balanced list'; wavering doubts which arise only to be defeated; 'minor' considerations, like the bills payable condition of the business, and the 'wows.' During the making of a list, the unexpected arrival of a 'wow' has almost come to be expected"; "the 'balanced list' is one of the major causes of inflation—next to the lottery theory that the more titles the more good sellers"; "the economy of lists is too often based on the principle that two titles can live more cheaply than one—and the fact that both may die young as a result does not seem to affect the popularity of the principle."

And one could seemingly go on indefinitely with such quotations.

The upshot of this galaxy of procedure is the statement that

> the "average" of all types of publishing houses will receive about seventy-five per cent of its total annual income for the year's new titles from about ten titles. . . . The average operating probability is that the first quarter of a list will produce sixty to seventy per cent of the income and the other three-quarters only thirty to forty per cent.

In so far as the non-profitable or less-profitable titles represent the problem of publishing thoroughly good manuscripts of limited appeal, such a situation is not a matter to be deplored but rather one of the traditional important public services of the industry. But in view of the foregoing paragraph the situation, it would seem, can hardly be rationalized thus gracefully:

> Best-sellarization is clearly accepted by the industry as an economic principle, just as best-sellarism is clearly accepted as a promotional principal. . . . The number of publishers who give each one of their books a reasonable fair chance to make its way is so limited that there is no escaping the fact that the book industry is best-sellarized to the point of death by suffocation. The industry has made a fetish of the accident. It looks forward forever to the unexpected.
>
> The evidence of this Survey is that the success or failure of a book is not an unanalyzable phenomenon—that the industry does very definite things which kill books and, in the wasteful and expensive process of promotion and distribution, it does certain things, generally "accidental," which make best-sellers. The evidence of this Survey is that the industry need not be at the mercy of an unpredictable and an unknown consumer.

Chaotic as are the methods of management and control in the publishing function of list-making, they seem to be almost organized compared with the conditions involved in the functions of selling. The Report disposes swiftly of the convenient claim by the publisher that the bookseller's position is his own "fault." Publisher and bookseller are permanently wedded for better or for worse.

> The tragedy of the book industry is a tragedy without a villain. . . . The "system" of publishing and bookselling has developed—or rather proliferated—like a diseased cell. Bookselling is what it is today because for years the publishers have been handing to the booksellers a task which is only a few chances removed from hopelessness—and the bookseller has fumbled at least half those chances.

Nor can the industry look to the unaided rise of distribution outlets, for,

> under conditions which have prevailed in the industry in general and in bookselling in particular new outlets of any importance cannot be added fast enough—or, if they could, would find it difficult to reach profit-operation quickly. The majority of new outlets can never become bookstores through present efforts or under the conditions in the industry.
>
> The forces which make readers and which improve them are not organized enough. The present methods of increasing the number of outlets are, in general, haphazard and ineffective—and, in some instances, cruel. The present methods of increasing the effectiveness of book outlets are so feeble as to be negligible. Very little, if any, organized effort is being made to improve distribution from the publisher to the retailer.

The book clubs which have arisen in the last few years are not regarded as a menace to publisher or bookseller.

> The book clubs became a "menace" because the book industry always needs a menace. . . . The book club will take its place as a useful, but minor, factor in distribution—it will never be a "menace" and it will never constructibly revolutionize anything.

Reviewing in all types of media comes in for pointed treatment. In newspapers reviews are "written for the authors, publishers, and other critics—and for the occasional 'booklover,'" and in media in general, "because it is difficult to set up and use objective standards and, apparently, still more difficult to know the audience, the literary editors and critics are thrown back on themselves. They naturally tend to become spotlight entertainers. They write about themselves on the slightest provocation by a book. Criticism became 'the adventure of a soul among masterpieces.'"

❧ ❧

Is it not likely that, living as we do, not in the eighteenth century nor even in the mid-nineteenth century, with the most amazing volume of available reading matter in social science, the natural sciences, technology, and the arts ever available, beset as we are by new awarenesses of the complexity of living effectively by the aid of what new information we can ingest, sore beset for time to read, and needing working tools of appraisal of this wide mass of new reading—in the face of this situation the prevailing old-fashioned "literary" review is simply begging the job of a review medium in this twentieth century? Are not new review techniques, swift, clean-cut, by professionals in the subject matter involved rather than in reviewing, needed to supplement or to displace the older type of chatty "literary" medium? The overwhelming attention paid to fiction, as pointed out in the Report, is a phase of this old-fashioned tradition and of the breathless over-emphasis by publishers upon their hoped-for best-sellers and budding authors in the "making." Of 757 reviews recognizing "definite and unqualified reactions" in a recent six-months period, 726 were "only favorably reviewed" and but thirty-one "only unfavorably reviewed." "Is criticism weak? Or is it merely big-hearted?" the Report asks, and pays its respects to the log-rolling reviewing claque which throws "bouquets of century plants."

> . . . the most important contributing cause [of the inadequacies of current criticism] is the dearth of policy. What criticism needs of itself—and what the book industry needs of criticism—is a thorough reëxamination of editorial and critical policies—not the rearrangement of space or the ballyhooing of names in a futile scramble for book lineage.

And on pp. 115-16 a searching list of possible policies and standards it set down.

The closing seventeen pages of the Report consists of specific recommendations. "—no single major solution is possible. . . . The industry has no problems but common problems." Under Improving the Distributing Machinery there are recommendations regarding the systematic rehabilitation by concerted action of retail outlets; the integration of merchandising through the development of a merchandising plan for each title before it is shown to the bookseller; the inauguration of controlled experimentation to determine the pulling power of advertising media and the elimination of the unfit; the improvement of wholesale distribution, including the setting up of a depository on the Pacific Coast; the control, encouragement, and, in improper locations, the discouragement of new outlets; and the inauguration of joint operating corporations, of publishers to carry on research and joint promotional and sales activities, and of booksellers to conduct joint operations such as buying, research, and merchandising. Under Reducing Wastes and Losses are recommendations regarding better record-keeping and standardization. Under Increasing Reading and Book Buying are suggested the coördination into a central body or council of the various independent bodies concerned with educating adult and juvenile readers, the encouragement of research into reading habits, the organization of book exhibits and lecture programs, the revision of the present book reviewing situation, the elimination of misleading advertising, provision of simpler books for the less intellectual portion of the population, and a program to encourage library readers to become buyers. Under Redistributing Burdens and Hazards are proposals for the redistribution of the hazards inherent in the industry in better accord with responsibility, and likewise under Improving Trade Relations and Accelerating the Flow of Money are recommendations for removing many credit and other sore spots in the industry.

The Report does not pretend to be anything more than a ground-clearing, question-raising survey. It proves nothing, settles nothing in itself. Its factual basis, as suggested above, is so disconcertingly vague that its chief significance is not so much its test-borings after quantitative data as the penetration of the questions it raises more informally. For not in Duffus's "Books" or in Robert Stirling Yard's "The Publisher," or in any other available form has anything like so much pointed probing been done into the industry.

The test of the matter comes now that the survey is done. Will the industry have the courage to undertake the more serious, longer-term job so clearly needed. Part of this work is promotional and can be done by no other agency than the industry. Part of it involves a rigorous and continuous procedure of fact-finding. The Cheney plan suggests that this fact-finding program be undertaken by the industry itself through an independent organization to be set up for research and promotional purposes. Another program, offering certain obvious advantages, calls for the setting up of a five-year joint program of research into the problems of the industry, to be conducted for the industry by the Business School of Columbia University. However the details may be worked out, it is to be hoped that nothing will block the ultimate following up of the beginning here so notably made.

Robert S. Lynd was from 1914-18 *assistant editor and managing editor of the book-trade journal,* The Publishers' Weekly, *and later advertising manager of Charles Scribner's Sons' trade-book department. For a year and a half he studied American culture in detail in "Middletown." He was until recently Permanent Secretary of the national Social Science Research Council and is at present directing the study of Consumption Habits for President Hoover's Research Committee on Social Trends.*

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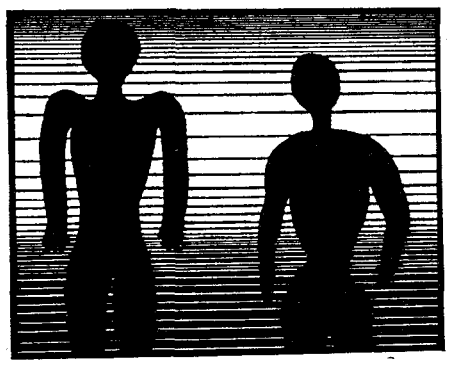

THE

EMERGENCE

OF MAN

BY GERALD HEARD

"The Life Force long ago decided that intelligence should lead."
—*Gerald Heard*

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THE

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OF MAN

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Some Recent Fiction

A Tennessee Tale

THE WEATHER TREE. By MARISTAN CHAPMAN. New York: The Viking Press. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IN spite of its thin but appealing tale "The Weather Tree," the third novel by Mary and Stanton Chapman about their well beloved Tennessee mountains, is lifted above mediocrity by fine drawings of highland characters and by the strangely wrought but beautiful native prose in which the book is written. The novel would be a better book if the Chapmans, knowing the mountains so well, did not love them quite so obviously and quite so much.

The story begins almost pastorally on Red Hill, above the village of Glen Hazard, where the laurel is growing over the scars of abandoned coal mines. Lynn Clayton, the outlander, comes with dreams of progress and industry and social welfare, to develop the mines he has inherited, to make cheap coal-brick for the city poor, and to give employment and uplift to the people of the mountains. After him comes Lida Grant, the city girl, who has lent him the money to develop his mines. He breaks the mountain peace with loud intrusion. He builds houses; he chops trees; he would make Red Hill stark naked in his progress. Definitely Glen Hazard does not wish to be uplifted. It wishes only to be left alone and to be rid of this stranger. Yet the mountaineers present a tangible resistance only when Clayton's axemen touch Uncle Billy Whiteoak, the Weather Tree. The mountain confidence of "weathering" him out is disturbed only when he and Thelma Lane, the mountain heroine, fall in love. This simple narrative is deliberately accelerated by leading the love story through misunderstanding into a conventional mountain melodrama of revenge. The solution of the story, Thelma Lane's choice in loyalty, the departure of the outlander, grow out of misunderstandings created by difference in language and spirit of outlander and mountaineer. The solution is abortive but Glen Hazard settles into a peace that is real and the laurel grows back over the mines.

The central figures of the story, the outlanders, Lynn Clayton and Lida Grant, and, to a less degree, Thelma Lane and her brother Chad, are conventional figures, almost types for outland impertinence and mountain simplicity. The Lane household is an idealization of the simple life and the simple, strong, inarticulate man and woman. Opposed to this idealization, the newcomers are made unreal by a complete lack of sympathy in their drawing. Both are callow and insensitive figures from a familiar background of big house and green lawn, thin dishes and shining glass. Their meagerness makes less moving the conflict of the novel and less convincing the idealization of Glen Hazard.

With the detachment which the authors lost in drawing these characters, they have made in their minor characters a vivid community of true people. There are the three towers of Glen Hazard strength, the doctor, the preacher, the sheriff. Doc Peters practices good without believing in it. Preacher Howard begins his preaching not with Creation but with here and now. To the mountain people, Sheriff Joe Marks "had been a habit since long along and they were knowen just how much he would stand." A lesser figure in the community but no less in the story is Uncle Shannon Budd who pronounced himself "innocent as an unburst robin's egg" but who was good for nothing but "to sit in a corner and foretell a hard winter." Other characters, Squirrel Mercy, Hurd Foster, Lum Morgan, are all natural and living, people as real as the mountains.

Not only in the dialogue but in their own narrative as well, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman use the forms, the words, the rhythms of mountain speech. Their metaphors and images are highland. The result is no dialect difficult to read but a vital native prose enriched by vigorous mountain and forgotten old English words. As it is shaped in "The Weather Tree" this language is not only beautiful but it seems, too, the inevitably proper language for the book.

The novel is the first to appear since the announcement that all of the Chapman books have been written in collaboration by Mr. and Mrs. Chapman and that the name Maristan is not the first name of Mrs. Chapman but a combination of the first names of both. "The Weather Tree" is the January choice of the Book League of America and is the second of their novels to be selected by a book club.

Middle-Class Annals

THE NIGHT VISITOR: And Other Stories. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

WE were mostly agreed that "Imperial Palace" was no more than a fair to middling short story stretched out upon the rack, its sinews cracking at every page. It was saved from a sort of grisly tedium by those characters in it who appeared briefly and inconclusively and were held in no great honor. Just for that reason it was not so unfortunate as it might have been that this was the last novel Bennett wrote before he died: and just for that reason "The Night Visitor" does no violence to his reputation.

To be honest, these stories are not very good; the point is that the characters in them are the sort of people we should pass over in real life. They belong to that class which is equally barred from the best Mayfair drawing rooms and the best Limehouse publichouses . . . the great English middle class, the class of Oxford undergraduates, commercial travellers, and conservative M.P.s, the class which believes in dealing firmly with India. It despises itself with such complacent arrogance that most of the world holds it in contempt and awe; it is considered humdrum and materialistic; but of all aggregations of humanity it is perhaps the most romantic. It spends its idle hours in dreaming of what it can never be—which, if you like, is quite stupid and quite human.

Certainly no English writer of our time has been so much in sympathy with this class as Arnold Bennett, or had such a sense of its variety, or was so aware of its inward thoughts and of the strange pattern of its outward life. His best characters are always the obscure of this world. But whereas in actual life such people hope that anything may happen, and nothing does happen: in Arnold Bennett's fiction, more real than reality, they hope that anything may happen, and lo! it is so. I say this in the belief that the true Bennett was the Bennett of "Mr. Prohack" and not the Bennett of "Riceyman Steps"; and that his enduring work was the translation of unuttered and unfulfilled desires into the warmth of life and the finality of action.

Almost all the characters—certainly all the living characters—in "The Night Visitor" are symbols of an understanding and sympathy which, of its kind, can hardly be equalled in English fiction. They may be imperfect symbols, but they are not conventional symbols. The young men are generally good looking, well-dressed, and intelligent—which is a sin against the modern short story; and they have the singular temerity not to be disillusioned. The middle-aged men are affectionate, whimsical, and financially secure. The ladies have some claim to beauty and are successful in their love affairs. The cloak room attendant owns an exquisite mansionette and an exquisite wife; the young and rather priggish don claims his passionate young beauty from baccarat and society. No heart beats in vain and every lane has a turning. . . .

Arnold Bennett's enduring work was to discover the infinite strangeness of the commonplace, and the result was that his more indifferent performances had generally a commonplace appearance. Perhaps this criticism could be brought against most of these stories. There is only little to stand between them and mechanical ingenuity; but that little bears its witness to a great personality. Bennett was often dull, incoherent, even vulgar; he wrote at most one great novel and at least three wretched ones; but few mer have brought such warmth to life, and in his time he did more for English fiction than almost any other half dozen writers you could mention.

A Religious Fanatic

EBENEZER WALKS WITH GOD. By GEORGE BAKER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THIS is a curious, highly original work, half realism, half grotesque fantasy, leaving the reader considerably perplexed as to the author's purpose. It tells the story of a pious and ignorant elder of Zion Chapel who in his old age is led by his equally pious and ignorant wife to adopt an orphaned grand-nephew. At first, the elder, in his puritanical zeal, is troubled by his wife's devotion to the child, but, after a nervous breakdown, when he recovers, it is with a fixed delusion that the child is the Son of God. The bulk of the book is taken up with the effects of this delusion on the old man Ebenezer, his wife Elizabeth, and the child Paul. Elizabeth repudiates the connection and henceforth regards her husband as a combination of lunatic and blasphemer. Ebenezer takes the child and wanders off, first into the poorer section of London, and then into the hop fields of Kent. The book moves for a time into the *genre* style, with realistic pictures of the hop-workers and much use of dialect. Ebenezer wins friends among his new companions by his amiability and general harmlessness, and their attitude toward his delusion—one of half-contemptuous skepticism mingled with a vague, unconfessed fear that he may be right—is very well brought out.

One gets a vivid impression of the fertile soil for religious mysticism that still exists among those below the educational level even in these modern days. Had Ebenezer been younger or a character of more force, he might have succeeded in founding a new sect. To have done so, however, he would have needed personal ambition and an organizing ability, both of which he was quite without. As it is, he merely dies, leaving behind him only a pitying, kindly memory among his associates in the hop-fields, and unassuaged indignation on the part of his wife and her friends. The book is weakest in its treatment of the child. Paul is a pale, unconvincing creature; in so far as he is characterized at all, he is a dull, priggish youngster, who follows Ebenezer's lead uncomprehendingly; one is left entirely in doubt as to how far his future will be affected by his early experiences. Perhaps this was exactly the impression which the author sought to convey; it is quite in harmony with the tentative, exploratory character of the whole book; but it is too great a demand on the reader to expect him to be interested in such a nonentity.

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE first edition of *Descent to the Dead*, by Robinson Jeffers, which comes to me from Random House, one of five hundred copies numbered and signed by the author, was designed by A. G. Hoffman and printed by Printype, Inc. It is a beautiful book. But unlike most beautifully printed books nowadays the poetry it contains is actually distinguished. The language is beautiful, and robust even though the mood induced has been a dwelling on death, in the midst of cairns and dolmens and ringed circles of great stones. The poems were written in Ireland and Great Britain on the occasion of Mr. Jeffers's recent trip thither. He identifies himself with Ireland through his forefathers. He is impressed by the living quality of the great dead. He moves in the presence of mighty ghosts. They overcome for him, temporarily at least, all faith in the present living world where men seem shadows walking, a midge-dance "Of gutted and multiplied echoes of life in the latter sun." Death and life are both beautiful but death is a resolution of the discords of life, and a thing beyond and above even any earthly immortality. It is better to rest beneath the ageless stones, to be dust. Yet the dead of an age of blood and battle retain strange life:

I hear like a hum in the ground the Boyne
running through the aging
Fields forever, and one of our great blue-
spiral-cut stones
Settle in the dark a hair's breadth under
the burden of the hill.
"We hear from cairn to cromlech all over
Ireland the dead
Whisper and conspire, and whinnies of
laughter tinkle in the raths.
The living dream but the dead are awake."

Struck out of these pages is one wonderful phrase for the barrows near Finvoy, County Antrim,—"bee-bright necropolis." Flashing out of the reveries are two vividly terrible pictures, Mary Byrnes killing her lover on Shane O'Neill's cairn; Father O'Donnel, the old priest, spitting on his Christ before an altar in Donegal,

Because the tortured torturer is too long
dying; because the strain in the
wounded minds of men
Leaves them no peace.

That last is a remarkable and unforgettable presentation. While the description of the ghosts seen in England is impressive the most truly impressive of the English poems is "Subjected Earth." It is the last poem. "Shakespeare's Grave" is a fine poem, too, having Shakespeare speak of his "passionate ruins," and, at the end,

Oh, a thousand years
Will hardly leach," he thought, "this dust
of that fire."

Such is an indication of the movement of the verse, of its predominating tone. Jeffers, come as he says from "the west of the world, where hardly/Anything has died yet," feels the overpowering burden of mortality in what we call older lands. And yet his mood does not seem to us altogether new. He is in love with rock, with monumental silence, and if not precisely in love with death his only way of seeing life is in terms of the colossal cruelty of nature and the mad drama of human passions or the twisted futility of human endeavor. One must have a rather strong stomach for life not to be too heavily depressed by his view of life. It is one view. I recently read *Cawdor* for the first time, and it seemed to us characteristic of this poet that only the caged eagle in it begot in the poem a superb lyrical passage descriptive of the flight of its spirit after death. The dead kings of Ireland appeal to him as the dead eagle appealed, dead things of ravage, men of blood. The cruelty of nature deeply attracts him. It is, in fact, his obsession. This and the uncontrolled passions of humanity certainly still make, as they have always made, for the most powerful dramatic poetry. The story of "Macbeth" is a wonderfully imagined primitive story of murder. The "tragedy of blood" is a commonplace as the basis of the greatest Elizabethan drama. Cawdor, at the end of that poem, slashes sight from his own eyes, having killed his son. The Greeks derived great drama from incest and physical violence. As a dramatic poet, Jeffers moves in the most primitive tradition.

So far as his rhythmic utterance goes, the feeling still persists in me that Jeffers's manner has for the most part been too loose and prolix. Given a short section of any Jeffers poem I think I could recognize his authorship without having any other indication that he had written it. But I am not sure. There are passages so intensely imbued with his own individuality that one could not mistake them for the work of anyone else. There is often essential form. And, as often, to me, there is not. It is not a question of his notably long line, nor a question of the absence of strict metrical form as distinguished from inherent rhythm. One wrestles with a Proteus so far as his style is concerned. This constitutes my doubt about the man as a great poet, for he certainly possesses certain qualities of greatness. We have to judge him by higher standards than we apply to most poets. The range of his pondering and the power of his language necessitate that. This handful of present poems is but an "aside" compared with the main body of his work, but it has led me into these speculations. Whatever may be the truth he is one of the most striking poets of our period.

It is easy to agree with a quoted comment of May Sinclair's that "H. D.'s position in literature is secure." I have spoken above of the long plangent line of Robinson Jeffers. In the poems in "H. D.'s" newest volume, *Red Roses for Bronze* (Houghton Mifflin), the line is curt, quick, nervous, full of crisp repetitive enfoldments, lyrical almost to the pitch of piping. It would be stating the obvious to say that it is beautiful, to say that it is accomplished. The renderings of Greek choruses only convince us the more of her skill as an artist, and over and above this of her ability to breathe life into what in most translations remains dead. Take this in "From *Morpheus*":

O I am tired of measures
like deft oars:
the beat and ringing
of majestic song;
give me your poppies;
I would lie along
hot rocks, listening;
still my ambition
that would rear and chafe
like chariot horses
waiting for the race;
let me forget
the spears of Marathon.

One of the most beautiful lyrics of our time shines in number four of the "Songs from Cyprus." It has haunted me long. And the ten poems in "Halcyon" constitute a sequence as sophisticatedly poignant as may be, written with a kind of divine informality. There are other sequences, the title-giving one, "In the Rain," "Chance Meeting," and "Sigil," delicately wrought in frost, yet breathing warm life. Number three of "Chance Meeting" is a particularly exquisite poem. Number four of "Sigil" touches frail perfection. In "Epitaph" the poet says something that, because of her persisting intention, may one day come to be said of her:

"Greek flower; Greek ecstasy
reclaims for ever

one who died
following
intricate songs' lost measure."

The prosodic accomplishment of "H. D." is not inconsiderable. If we tire somewhat of rose and myrtle, cyclamen and asphodel, it is yet a tribute to this poet that she somehow manages perennially to refresh her garlands. If we set this particular book against her other books we cannot say that it much enlarges her range, that it adds much to what we know of her. But it is most certainly not all in one key. It displays variety. And it is Galatea-marble. Just as we think that the flower is folding into stone, the quivering of intense life is apparent in the petals.

The Palazzo Rezzonico at Venice, where Browning once lived, has been bought by the municipality and is to become a museum of eighteenth-century art, according to *John o' London's Weekly*. After Browning's death his son lived there for a time, and later the building was divided into flats.

The subject for next year's Newdigate Prize is to be Sir Walter Scott.

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A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

IF you are disinclined to philosophize, you can read "Le Carnet de Route du Juif Errant," by Alexandre Arnoux, with the same eyes you would view a series of frescoes illustrating the course of history: birth of Christianity; passive resistance of the East; turmoil in the Occident; the Age of Faith and cathedral-building; Columbus and the dawn of a super-Occident; Moscow, Napoleon's retreat, and the advent of a Nether Asia; New York, caldron of the future. . . . The didactism of such a theme might be deadly. But Alexandre Arnoux is one of the true poets in prose of our time, and, except for an occasional debauch of imagery, one of the best reporters of events from nowhere. "Le Carnet," viewed in this way, should appeal to a large public.

After Christ's sentence, Isaac Laquedem, the Wandering Jew, takes the road without end through space and time, which makes of him the Super-Tramp of Humanity, proof against Famine and Death, but cursed like our own universe and our own nature with the deadly gift of unceasing movement.

His first visit is to a sage of Tibet, who lives naked in the snows, and feeds upon the smell of nettles. The Wandering Jew rejects forever the Asiatic negation of reality. He wants to collar things that are, and change. The Occident is his world.

A few centuries later, at the time of the Crusades, we meet him rubbing elbows with another shoemaker, Jacques Pantaléon, and breathing into him courage to become a Pope (Urban IV). Of such stuff thrones are made . . . Isaac returns from Venice with his dear little mistress, Isabella Bell 'Occhio, lives in France with cathedral builders, and, in two splendid episodes, gives us an unforgettable picture of the battle against stone waged during centuries by anonymous and passionate artisans, for the glory of God and the delectation of men. Do not go to Chartres without reading Arnoux's synthesis of Gothic art. It is short, a few pages only, but worth volumes. The pretty Venetian is, of course, raped by one of the artisan sculptors, and the little prostitute's beauty revives henceforth in many statues of the holy Virgin. Greece and Italy reconquer the North. The age of Renaissance has come.

I shall not follow Laquedem on his further wanderings. The wandering Jew is at last caught and detained, just two minutes, not more, to broadcast his message; and he bawls something to the effect that, civilization having killed culture, is now enthroning another man, The Universal Sot, "l'homme heureux, pourri de biens, comblé de science, qui a chassé le doute et la douleur: l'Antechrist."

Regarded from another point of view "Le Carnet de Route du Juif Errant" is more discreet and more important. It derives from a new conception of the Wandering Jew's character and a reinterpretation of his legend. The Wandering Jew here becomes the type of his nation and his race. "I am a Jew," he says:

> I do not merely admit, adore, or obey my God; I wrestle with him. I am a Monotheist who wants idols, were it but to break them; a nationalist preying upon other nations, and a prey to them; a monogamist tempted by all foreign whores. . . . We deal in sacrilege and holy relics. No people has begotten so many prophets and uttered such deadly sarcasms. We breed philosophers by the dozen and pawnbrokers by the thousands. We drip with lamentations and hallelujahs. . . .

At the same time, he is also, on account of his fate, the undiluted "Man," released from all ties, social, spatial, temporal, and from all necessities, especially the need of earning his daily bread. (Unemployed, by nature, the dole was invented for him.) Prosperities and cataclysms, he views without hope or fear; they cannot affect his destiny. Nothing but what is essential survives in the man. A truly epic character. And so business-like. . . . The shoemaker he was reappears at every turn, under the sage and moralist, or immoralist, that he has become. A dangerous bedfellow, for "if every man became himself, what would become of a society of men, and of nations, founded upon appearances, shams, and words, words, words. . . ?"

Why, oh why have your own critics so long and so persistently called "American" a system of mass civilization which threatens us all? Our sons and nephews have taken you at your word, and they now speak of "the American cancer" as your fathers once did of "French corruption" if not of "the French disease." And do you remember the time when a cold in the head became "la grippe Espagnole," "the Spanish influenza?" In the same manner, all our distempers are now "American."

"What we term America," say Aron and Dandieu in a new pamphlet of theirs, "is not a continent, not a country, not a nation, but a method, a mental aberration, a universal malady of the mind." That is all very well. But the title of their book is none the less "Le Cancer Américain" (Rieder). And it deals just as much with the facts as with the spirit of American culture. If instances were needed of collective besotting, "Russian," "German," even "European," would do just as well as "American." Why look West when East is so conclusive?

Aron and Dandieu are not superficial chroniclers. They make short work of Duhamel's sketches. They also repudiate the professorial methods so ingratiating with those who want ready-made opinions, so repulsive to such as prefer to form their own.

In short they have something original and coherent to say and they say it, not unaggressively, not without an excess of words and a harping on medical metaphors, but always plausibly and often convincingly. Their main idea is that "rationalization" is rationalism turned mad while organizing work and credit, and stumbling upon the rock of real values and valuable realities.

"Le Cancer Américain" makes one swear, and laugh, by turns, or shrug shoulders. But every page contains a fresh idea, or epigram, or invective. There is something of Lissagaray in the author's manner. But Lissagaray was an ignorant journalist, while they have all the resources of trained intellects and a damned temper at their disposal.

If you want an antidote, read "L'Autre Amérique," by Madeleine Cazamian. It is a sensible and quietly effective review of the best side of American life and culture, a timely and useful protest against many exaggerations of malice and envy. Or read "L'Homme Moderne" of Fortunate Strowski in which the universal character of many so-called American diseases is admirably diagnosed.

"Bidon 5," by Marthe Oulié (Grasset), is the story of one of these motor car trips through the Sahara from Algiers to the Niger which have now become so frequent, in spite of their difficulties, that we can consider the desert as conquered. Marthe Oulié, a girl hellenist of no mean accomplishments, is already well known. Alone, with another girl friend, she has for years steered a frail craft all through the Eastern Mediterranean. The discomforts of a sally through the Sahara, on board a small French car of current type, entirely devoid of any special equipment, could not be a deterrent to a woman of her mettle. The point is that several other French women, girls and matrons, took part in the same adventure, under the same conditions, and enjoyed it. The book is full of realistic and useful information and almost free of that babyish gushing which spoils so many books of the same type.

Claude Farrère is, as you know, a great specialist of naval adventures. He can draw on his own past as a naval officer for innumerable anecdotes and stories. If he was only that, he would not deserve his great fame. But read "Nuit en Mer" in "Shahra Sultane et la Mer" (Flammarion) and you will understand that combination of technical knowledge and dramatic ability with artistic skill, restraint, and emotion, which have made him a master.

"Echec au Roi," by Jean Gaument (since dead) and Camille Cé, is the story of a man who is the prey of his fate and a woman who is the prey of her prey: the man's soul and body. It is a dramatic after-war story written with the authors' usual accent of honesty and sincerity and says quietly but firmly: "No" to Tennyson's line: "For man is man and master of his fate."

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Recent German Fiction

CHRISTA: Ein Kinderroman. By OTTO FLAKE. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1931.
KLEINE VERHÄLTNISSE. By FRANZ WERFEL. Vienna: P. Zsolnay. 1931.
KLEINE FREUNDIN. By ERNST LOTHAR. Vienna: P. Zsolnay. 1931.
DIE GOLDENE HORDE. By WILHELM SPEYER. Berlin: E. Rowohlt. 1931.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

HERE are four recent German novels, all about children, but otherwise of widely differing type. The simplest of all—and it is rather a surprise from so sophisticated a writer—is that by Otto Flake. This is a most pleasant story of a little German girl who goes to live with her parents in the Italian Tyrol. Here she makes friends with a little English boy, with the peasants, whose childlike faith is so akin to her own trustful nature, with the bees and animals. And inserted in this agreeable and genuine record of child's life are two or three stories told by her mother or father, with simple artistry. The best, we think, is a retelling of the story of St. Christopher. "Christa" follows a child's life only for the first six years, and a second volume is promised. We hope it will show such understanding and such charm of simple, unaffected writing as this first part.

Herr Werfel's story is of quite a different kind. It deals, first of all, with a boy, and next with a boy on the verge of puberty, with all the questionings and inexplicable imaginations of that age, just emerging from childhood. The boy in question, Hugo, had just lost his athletic, energetic English governess, and received instead a German Fräulein, Erna Tappert, for whom he has an instant sympathy. He is a serious little boy, sheltered and "spoilt" and kept under the constant care of a governess because his fond parents fear to expose him to infection. The governess has a friend, an officer, with whom, after securing the silence of the boy, she spends several nights out of the house. One day, however, she is deserted by this lover; she soon, however, finds another one who quickly learns that she is going to have a baby and also rejects her. The quarrels and innuendoes connected with all this make a confused impression on the boy's mind. The unhappy Erna goes home one day to her mother, taking Hugo with her, and the contrast between his affluent home and her *kleine Verhältnisse* explains the title. Apparently the unfortunate young woman is supporting both her mother and her invalid brother by her earnings, and they are desperate at her prospective loss of employment. The boy vaguely understands that his beloved governess is in dire need, and he breaks his promise of silence and tells his mother. As a consequence Erna is sent away on a "holiday," at the same time as an inrush of precocious eroticism from the boy's subconscious self occurs. It is all suggested with the understanding and delicate touch of a true artist and as a piece of psycho-analytical fiction this long "short-story" is excellent.

In "Kleine Freundin" Herr Ernst Lothar has added to a psychological study the interest of an exciting "plot." The child of the title is Felicitas Tagman, daughter of well-to-do Viennese parents, ill-matched. The husband is of lower social rank than his wife, and she finds life with him unbearable. Eventually she succumbs to the blandishments of a certain Herr Hilta, and her husband, at the beginning of the narrative, has discovered their intrigues. Thereafter the story is essentially a study of a child of twelve, caught between the love for both father and mother, when both are out of sympathy with each other and determined to separate. Perhaps this theme is a little too thin to spread over a full-length novel, and there are many digressions, but the interest of the main narrative is well sustained, particularly towards the end. Felicitas, with all a child's sharpness of perception, understands what is amiss in the family. She tries to bring about a solution, by attempting an appeal to Herr Hilta, her mother's "friend." In the course of making this effort she discovers her mother's guilt, and is therefore involved in the legal action which her father brings. When it is too late she realizes that she has provided the evidence by which her father will be enabled to send her mother away. She therefore tries to kill herself, but is saved, and in the end there is a reconciliation. The detailed realism of some of the scenes is exaggerated, and we seriously wonder whether the long legal wrangle in the child's presence could take place in an Austrian court of law, but it is certainly telling, and for the most part the reactions are those which might be expected from an intelligent girl of twelve. In any case this is an original theme, interestingly developed.

Wilhelm Speyer a year or two ago wrote "Der Kampf der Tertia," a school story about the "Tertia" class of a "Schulstaat," in which the children more or less governed themselves and occupied their time with all kinds of adventures. Since this achievement he has been named the German Rudyard Kipling and Mark Twain, the suggestion being that he has produced something like a mixture of "Stalky and Co." and "Tom Sawyer." We would not go as far as this, but "Der Kampf der Tertia" was something of a novelty in German fiction which, when it deals with schools, generally finds some morbid or pathological aspect. There was nothing of this in "Der Kampf der Tertia" and there is nothing of it in "Die goldene Horde," which is its continuation. Here we find the same gallant little crowd of boys, led either by the heroic "Kurfürst" or by their haughty girl-leader Daniela. The main theme of the book is the rivalry of the boarding school with the "town boys" and their contest in connection with Annemarie, who, after leaving the school, had taken to a circus life. Her comrades are anxious to get her back, and, in spite of difficulties, they eventually succeed. It is a readable story, and it has also a certain value to students of German education, even though we can hardly think it typical of German school life as a whole.

The death of Richard Henry Dana at Cambridge on December 16th at the age af eighty recalls the fact that the most satisfactory edition textually of his father's "Two Years before the Mast" is that edited by the son and published by Houghton Mifflin Company in 1911. The large-paper format of this edition, limited to three hundred and fifty copies in two volumes, boards, uncut, with the frontispiece in colored and uncolored states, is not common. The son contributed an informative introduction and also an epilogue, "Seventy-Six Years After," which follows the supplementary chapter, "Twenty-Four Years After," which Richard Henry Dana, Jr., himself appended to the edition of 1869, the first to carry his name on the title-page.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

ROOSEVELT IN THE ROUGH. By JACK WILLIS, as told to HORACE SMITH. Washburn. 1931. $3.

Jack Willis was a favorite guide and companion of Theodore Roosevelt on many of his expeditions to the wilder parts of the West, and here we have Teddy as Jack knew him, presented in the most objective and straightforward manner. The book makes a substantial contribution to the lengthening shelf of Rooseveltiana, not so much because of the fresh matter divulged here, matter of which the author and the jacket of the book naturally make the most, as because of the revelation of what it was in Roosevelt that caught the imagination or the lack of imagination of such men as Jack Willis, or, in a word, of the West.

The old-timer who supplied this information is, quite manifestly, a hero-worshipper, and he tells us in so many words the causes and the manner of his conversion. No book on Teddy known to us has presented the man's gameness, boldness, and especially the man's obviousness as does this one. Those to whom Roosevelt is no hero, or a hero of a different stamp, will read it and exclaim, "God save us from our admirers!" It is noteworthy that Kermit Roosevelt withheld the preface which he had at first offered to supply.

The book gives a series of anecdotes, letters, reported speeches, conversations, and dramatic combats in which Roosevelt held the center of the stage. The motives which Jack Willis takes for granted may not have been Roosevelt's real motives, or his only motives, in any given case, but the imputation of them is significant of the impression which Roosevelt made upon Western folk, and of their point of view. The book is vivid, matter-of-fact, so real that it sometimes seems untrue. The net result is that Roosevelt somehow emerges as a Pollyanna of the wilds, he reminds one here of the tourist on the dude-ranch, conscientiously exclaiming at each fresh wonder and beauty of the Western scene, and giving verbal and emphatic assurance always that he is enjoying every hardship and discomfort, every bump and tumble, painfully aware that the touchy natives are putting him to the test, as the vicars of God in God's country. It all has a faint suggestion of an abashed Cal Coolidge arrayed in chaps and sombrero.

Fiction

ARTICLE THIRTY-TWO. By JOHN R. OLIVER. Macmillan. 1931. $2.50.

We wish that we could forget Dr. Oliver while reading one of his books—or did not know so much about him at the start! But he has told us all about himself in the unforgettable chapters of one of the most remarkable autobiographies of modern times, "Four Square." In this latest novel from his pen, he forces his psychological theories upon us in recurring "interludes," which serve only to interrupt his story and clutter it up with explanations. He uses his extraordinary religious ideas—various theories about the Anglican church, ordination vows, celibacy of the priesthood, etc.—to predetermine the course of a tale which in real life might have been, and usually is, quite otherwise. And he forces a catastrophe which may well belong to his own theology but never to the human nature embodied in his characters. We challenge any reader to forecast from the first one hundred pages of this book any of the accumulation of horrors depicted in the last one hundred. Yet "are they not all written" in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, especially Article Thirty-two?

When Dr. Oliver takes a young man as stalwart as the Harvard half-back, George Stanley, and a young woman as fascinating as Miriam Hemingway-Jones, and sets them, as the children of Episcopalian rectors, in a marriage of rebellion against the ecclesiastical traditions and practices of their families, he has the material for a real story. When he precipitates the sudden conversion of Stanley to a religion which the young man thought he had put out of his life forever, he has a situation involving tense drama. When he carries the consequences of this conversion over into a conflict with his wife, Miriam, to whom marriage had meant among other things emancipation from the church and all its works, tragedy begins to appear. And tragedy deepens when the conflict becomes an inner conflict in Stanley's own soul. But when this tragedy is deliberately entangled by the author with ecclesiastical rules regarding celibacy for Roman priests and matrimony for Protestant clergymen, and with the consequences of this confusion for offspring even unto the third and fourth generation, life suddenly becomes subdued to dogma. And the tale is spoiled!

When we say that we wish we could forget Dr. Oliver while reading his novels, what we really mean is that we wish that Dr. Oliver could forget himself. This man is the possessor of unusual literary gifts. He can tell an absorbing story—this present story, artificial as it is, holds one in close attention to the end. His novels never miss the dignity and distinction of genuine art. But he persists in seeing his characters through the windows of his psychological laboratory or the screen of his confessional. We await the day when Dr. Oliver will select some group of men and women, and permit them just to live. Let him release them into the open spaces of his imagination and not bind them in the fetters of his doctrines. Then at last he will write a truly great novel.

FRIENDS AND RELATIONS. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. Dial. 1931. $2.

The set is England, the characters English, the time today. Colonel and Mrs. Studdart have two children, Laurel and Janet. The novel opens with Laurel's marriage to Edward Tilney, whose father was dead and whose mother, Lady Elfrida, was a gay soul with a "distressing past." Unlike the Studdarts, her ladyship had outlived the ability to be easily shocked. Six weeks later "Janet announced her engagement" to Rodney Meggatt, whose bachelor uncle, Considine, has been Lady Elfrida's co-respondent. Complication rises, but the marriage goes through. On this "moral" situation, the tale hangs. Several friends are dragged in, and then, of course, there are children to be dealt with. The climax comes when Edward Tilney comes near becoming Janet's lover. Then the story is snuffed out like a candle, simply because there's no more to be said and because it's time to go to bed.

Miss Bowen's book is not light enough to be "easy," nor heavy enough to be "hard." It is scarcely clever enough to be called amusing; but neither is it powerful enough to be taken seriously. As narrative it is too slow, as satire too blunt, as art too weak. Nevertheless it is not a bad book, and some people—particularly those who are obsessed by neither an insistence on perspicuity nor a craving for melodrama—will doubtless find it entertaining. Its tone is quiet, its people dull, its story uneventful. On the purely technical side, Miss Bowen falls short in three main fields: "character portrayal," "atmosphere," and (for want of a better word) "style." A reader gets no very clear picture of any of the people—particularly of the important ones. But there's something rather pleasant under it all, if only the good humor of the author.

HURRICANE. By NAHUM SABSAY. Scribner's. 1931. $2.50.

An exiled Russian here writes of the Revolution as it seemed to him. To describe the hurricane of 1917—the rise to power of the Bolsheviks, the breakdown of the military campaign against the Central Powers, and the furies of the Revolution itself—to describe these things is Mr. Sabsay's only purpose. For convenience, and in a rather perfunctory spirit, he has included a mild plot; it is the familiar situation in which the young girl tries to rescue her soldier lover from the enemy. Essentially, the book remains thinly fictionalized history. Mr. Sabsay hopes to convey the feeling of the times rather than to divert or stir us. He permits no discussion of the merits of the Revolution; he merely shows how far Russia in 1917 had gone towards Bolshevism and how that progress affected a small military clique in the provincial city of S——. The book very nearly fits the pigeonhole marked "historical novel," its most noticeable departure from that type being its lack of romantic elements. There is no heroism, no villainy, no glamor. Instead, it is informative and sober, plausibly suggesting at every turn the truth that Mr. Sabsay perceived.

In order to develop the wide panorama of 1917 and yet keep within the conventional framework of a novel, Mr. Sabsay is obliged to move his characters about, to set them at strategic observation points. This he does with a minimum of awkwardness. Through it all, we get a clear, broad comprehension of the hurricane, shrieking down upon a puzzled and a divided nation. Inasmuch as Mr. Sabsay writes so near the events, he succeeds admirably in creating perspective and verisimilitude. He has written an historical novel without the usual benefit of remoteness—spiritual and temporal. Its weakness is its insufficient narrative interest. There should have been either a better plot or none at all.

SEA CHANGE. By ELEANOR MERCEIN (Mrs. Kelly). Harper. 1931. $2.50.

Previous semi-travel, semi-fictional books by Mrs. Kelly have dealt with the Basque country, giving pleasantly sympathetic accounts and interpretations of both land and people. Perhaps wisely, for even the best friends can be over-enthusiastic, Mrs. Kelly turns now to a fresh scene, to Mallorca, the largest island of the Balearic group, in the western Mediterranean. Behind the shelter of the novel, Mrs. Kelly dwells freely upon the customs, the habits of mind, the history of this island people. She writes as a friend and an admirer, intelligently and without any air of condescension. Mallorca's antique charm becomes something that we should gladly experience. And if we were setting out today, we should take along Mrs. Kelly's book as an informal Baedeker, in spite of the fact that much that she describes would be jealously guarded by the good islanders from the brash eye of the tourist.

This rather delicate appreciation of Mallorca is bent beneath the burden of an elementary and storybookish narrative. Our real interest in things Mallorcan is often vitiated by Mrs. Kelly's primary-school fable, wherein Prince Charming and the Sleeping Beauty and the Good Magician are thinly disguised in twentieth century trappings. That is unfortunate, because Mrs. Kelly is a sensitive, discriminating Hispanophile, whose impressions always give us pleasure.

Miscellaneous

LIBERTY AND RESTRAINT. By LOUIS LE FEVRE. Knopf. 1931. $3.50.

This is another of the recent works indicating that a few people, even in America, are still interested in the subject of liberty. As the title indicates, Mr. Le Fevre recognizes that the problem is one of degree; virtually every one admits that some restriction of individual freedom is necessary; but there is no agreement as to the amount. Between the maximum of order and the maximum of liberty there is an insoluble conflict. The fundamental question is which of the two is more desirable. To this question, Mr. Le Fevre's book is devoted.

At the outset, the author endeavors to simplify his problem by a somewhat arbitrary definition. "In this book," he writes, "liberty means the freedom of the individual from any restraint or control by others, except by an authority and for a purpose which the person restrained recognizes as legitimate." Certainly this is the only liberty for which men have fought and died; yet the definition makes it impossible for Mr. Le Fevre to grant that there can be such a thing as voluntary slavery or even a decline in the spirit of liberty. According to the definition, the majority of the Germans under the Empire enjoyed more liberty than the British or the French, and if Mussolini should succeed in driving out all non-Fascists, Italy would then become a land of perfect liberty. It is perhaps owing to this paradoxical position that Mr. Le Fevre's book is weakest just where it should be most trenchant, that is, in his discussion of the contemporary situation in Europe and the United States.

Still, there have been and are a sufficient number of violently resisted re-

(*Continued on page* 466)

NEW AND NOTEWORTHY PUBLICATIONS

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Points of View

Books Are Doomed

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Unfortunately the entire blame (for the crisis in book publishing) cannot be laid at the door of the depression. Even before the panic of 1929 the whole system of book distribution was already creaking.—GEORGE S. OPPENHEIMER in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

The popular book has had its day and is on the downward curve of its destiny —both as a personal esthetic medium and as a social instrument. Only technical writings having no fictional or entertainment value are exempted from the doom of books. The novel and popular writing of a broadly fictional character — the mainstays of the publishing business— are already beginning to give way to an extent which the depression alone admittedly does not explain. The first signs are the diminishing profits of publisher and bookseller and the increasing difficulty of making books pay. The novel is going the way of the antiquated ballade, the novello, the allegorical tale, the epic in hexameters, the drama in verse, the social or philosophical thesis in iambics, and the political pamphlet.

The rapidly changing contemporary public has been for some time almost imperceptibly withdrawing from the whole domain of books and from interest in things literary. The new generations of readers give them an ever-diminishing degree of support in proportion to their numbers. Other instruments of entertainment and intellectual stimulation are invading the field largely monopolized in the past by books. The character and trend of present-day fiction and other writing offer internal evidence of the disintegration of popular literature. The reading of books is, roughly speaking, dependent upon leisure, interest in the written word, and the ability to borrow or buy books.

The spread of leisure has been deceptive in its implications. People generally have their evenings, part of the weekends, vacations, traveling time, etc., but it is no longer the isolated, reflective leisure that is favorable to the reading habit. It is leisure bombarded from all sides by high-powered competitive interests; high-pressure leisure of a more or less social kind. People take their education and their entertainment on the run, and generally in company with others. (Compare the increase in recent years in the number of hours of available leisure with the proportionately slight increase in the number of hours spent in reading books.)

Interest in the written word is on the wane. Readers race across the printed page with the same sort of attention which they give to the radio or the movie— for the content or matter conveyed, as they do in newspaper reports. The success of the magazine of national circulation, which is read and thrown away, and the inability of paper-bound books to compete with it, is also significant here of the more or less anachronistic character of the bound book, which was conceived essentially for permanence. Witness the essentially non-literary mystery thriller to illustrate another angle of the question; it furnishes a "kick" to which literary value or any sort of permanence is irrelevant—a stimulus of the same sort which the movie version administers more effectively—and this is one of the reasons why the mystery thriller is in vogue among those who still read books.

Reading in the past was largely a substitute for the spoken word and for direct observation and communication; people read about things they could not otherwise experience. The spoken drama, as an instrument, was far more costly and less widely accessible than books. As for the movies today, they have not yet completed the transitional period necessary to bring them into a fully competitive relation to books, and thus their effect upon various classes of the reading public has yet to be measured. The same to some degree holds for the radio and will in turn hold for the coming of television.

Reading is in many respects a peculiarly *anti-social* behavior. It is congenitally individualistic. One must be alone with one's book when one reads. This is a serious peculiarity, in an age when all our interests are growing more intensely socialized. Reading is very much like dining alone. People like to dine together; they go to shows in couples or in groups; or they prefer to play bridge, a game whose vogue is based on its function in killing time socially, in company.

In an age which penalizes the more reflective and contemplative forms of leisure, we are to some extent swept along in the trend toward realistic objectivity, directly responsive behavioristic economy, vivid stimulation, high-pressure action, and functional technics. The literary mind, so far as it is essentially dependent upon the silent and leisurely process of reading, is at odds with the high-geared, hard-boiled contemporary to whom everything is accessible through more dynamically moving instruments. The modern man is literal rather than literary.

The novel senses its fate, and is fighting desperately for its survival. In one direction, it attempts to be as much like the talkie and the radio as possible. Concretely realistic or rapid-fire expressionistic, or compactly objective on the one hand, we have books like your "Alexanderplatz"—or men like Hemingway, Dreiser, Faulkner, etc.

The other direction which the novel has taken is one of retreat. Its course here resembles the historic case of poetry, which for a long time was popular in its appeal (in the epics and sagas), fashionable as a medium, a mode for the writing of narratives, philosophical theses and polemics, and for a time even practiced widely by the literate—but was ultimately reduced to an isolated, specialized, esoteric literary survival, as in the case of "modern" poetry which is unintelligible to the average reader of novels. We already have evidences of a similar disintegration and withdrawal in the case of the increasingly "literary" type of novel. An extreme case is that of James Joyce; but even less technically specialized novels of a primarily "literary" character are ever more limited in their appeal and progressively less successful as publishing ventures.

The "literary" novel with its dwindling public—and the unliterary novel with an eye to a movie contract or at least extensive magazine serialization—both approach the day when neither will pay as commodities of a large-scale business. Publishers and booksellers on the average are known to operate on an unusually slim margin of profit. The publishing business is beginning to exhaust the momentarily rich vein of "non-fiction" books which already vie with fiction for best seller lists; and it eagerly grasps at such straws as crossword puzzle books, bridge games, and picture anthologies for badly needed sustenance.

XYZ

Not Pro-German

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Whoever wrote the brief notice of Baron Beyen's "Deux Années à Berlin," in your issue of November 21st, made a strange statement when he remarked that "Beyens was apparently strongly German in his standpoint and so assertive that his memoirs deserve notice."

Baron Beyens was certainly not strongly German in his standpoint. On the contrary, he was decidedly suspicious of German policy and constantly urged his Government to be on its guard against the insinuations of Berlin. A careful reading of his book will not show that he was particularly anti-German. He was in short a good Belgian. His final chapter on the question of the responsibility for the war is moderate and well reasoned.

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT.

Geneva, Switzerland.

"Cymbeline"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Editorial squeamishness, supplemented in many instances by ignorance, has done much to obscure Shakespeare's meaning. A striking instance of this is the more or less general misunderstanding of a rather important passage in "Cymbeline" (II, iv in Furness's "Variorum"; II, v in other editions). The deluded husband, Posthumus, convinced that the divine Imogen, his betrothed, not yet his wife, had surrendered the treasure of her honor to bold Iachimo, rails at her and all her sex. In the course of this harangue he says (as the lines stand in the Folio):

Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: . . .
This yellow Iachimo *in an houre, was't not? . . .*
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard.

The first two of the above lines seem to be generally understood as meaning that Imogen was less inclined to sexual indulgence than the valiant Briton her "husband," and oft, but not invariably, begged him to forbear. In support of this interpretation—surely a *misinterpretation*— we are reminded that Iachimo reports (V. v, 215-216) Posthumus to have spoken of "chaste" Imogen "as Dian had hot dreams, And she (Imogen) alone, were cold." But this really proves, if anything, that prior to Iachimo's venture, Posthumus thought Imogen innocent of carnal knowledge. Read properly, this play leaves no doubt that Shakespeare wished his audience and his readers to regard Imogen as a *virgo intacta.* Posthumus's words in lines 205-206 therefore mean that Imogen repulsed him as oft as he approached her with connubial desires. This is told us as clearly as a poet can say it in the words, (Iachimo) found no opposition (-obstacle) But what he look'd for should oppose (-bar his passage) and she Should from encounter guard." It is interesting to note in connection with this passage that Shakespeare often employed the word "encounter" with a sexual connotation (see the "New English Dictionary"). The passage as a whole, especially if considered in connection with Prospero's warning to Ferdinand and Miranda (in "The Tempest," IV. i, 18-26), goes to show that, at any rate, towards the end of his dramatic career, Shakespeare was obsessed with the sacredness of what he called the "virgin knot" ("knot"="bud," "kernel"). In the play we are now considering, the point has dramatic significance, but that is a subject into which we cannot go at present.

Though Posthumus speaks of "lawful pleasure," it must not be supposed that he was married to Imogen. In the days of Shakespeare custom and law conferred the right of sexual relationship upon those who were betrothed; but, for obvious reasons, the privilege was more honored in the breach than the observance.

No commentator seems to have thought it necessary to explain why Posthumus applies to Iachimo the adjective "yellow." Italians are not yellow. Not till a long time after Shakespeare did the word "yellow" come to mean "cowardly"; besides, Iachimo was anything but a coward. Inasmuch as Shakespeare probably pronounced "Iachimo" "Giacimo," it is not even remotely possible that he chose the adjective "yellow" for its alliterative value. What, then, is the explanation? Brewer, in his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," says that yellow is the conventional symbol for jealousy, inconstancy, and adultery. It is clear, therefore, that in the passage we are discussing "yellow" means "adulterous," even though this definition cannot be found in any dictionary.

Shakespeare, it will be noted, compares Iachimo to a boar. The reason for this lies undoubtedly in the fact that to Elizabethans, and to others long before and after them, the boar was a symbol for sensuality; in fact, this animal's supposed concupiscence was so general a notion that "to boar" meant "to copulate." Those who know their Homer will recall the following line in the "Odyssey" (xxiii, 278): "A lambe, a bull, and sow-ascending bore" (Chapman's translation, quoted by Steevens). Dryden, in his "Hind and Panther," has the following verses (quoted by Brewer):

The bristled Baptist boar, impure as he (the ape),
With fat pollution filled the sacred place.

Why Shakespeare speaks of the boar being full-fed on acorns I can only guess; the probability being that acorns, owing to their shape, were believed to have aphrodisiacal power. Lustfulness may have been attributed to the boar because it fed on acorns.

Many editors have been puzzled by the words "a Iarmen on" (in line 213). Pope and Warburton substituted "a-churning on" for "a Iarmen on," and "this strange sophistication," says Malone, "has found its way into Dr. Johnson's most valuable 'Dictionary'." Singer read "a briming one"; Collier "a foaming one"; and Thistleton suggested reading "alarum'd one." Other suggestions are "a human one" (Phin) and "a Iachimo" (Herr). Difficult as it is to believe, it is a fact that Edward Dowden, though he followed Nicholas Rowe in reading "a German one"—unquestionably the correct text—thought that "Iarmen" might be an error for "german," "germane," in the sense of "genuine." "A boar, a genuine one," is hardly Shakespearian.

Why Shakespeare referred to a German boar, rather than to an English boar, is now clear enough from the researches of Dr. Edward Sugden. Discussing Germany, in his "Topographical Dictionary to the Works of Shakespeare and his Fellow Dramatists" (1925), Dr. Sugden says (page 221): "The Boar was common in the forests of Germany, and was frequently hunted. . . . In Davenant's 'Siege' (I. i) Ariotto says, 'We shall live worse than boars in Germany,' *i.e.* we shall be merely prey to Mervole's exactions. In Coryat's 'Crudities' (1611) we find (page 396), 'Hunting of wild boars is more exercised by the Germans than by any other Christian nation.'" Clearly, Shakespeare knew what he was about and did not use words at random.

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM.

New York, N. Y.

Mistranslation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

The examples of mistranslation of S. Lewis into German are atrocious and to be deplored. They are inexcusable, but what think you of the glossary at the end of the Travellers' Library edition of "Babbitt"? I list some definitions:

Buck, to—to defraud, cheat.
Dub—fool.
Dumbbell—silent fool.
(What discrimination in these last two!)
Flivver—cheap motor-car, of delicate build.
(Shades of the Model T!)
Gee—puritanical euphemism for God.
Golly—puritanical euphemism for God.
Gosh—puritanical euphemism for God.
(This *is* revelatory.)
Getaway—abbreviation for escape.
(But where is the abbreviation?)
Heck—familiar for Hecuba, a New England deity.
(Tell this to Farmer Jones.)
Hop, Freshman's—College dancing club.
Hunky—Hun.
(Not by all the Wops and Wops and Wops!)
Ice-cream soda—ice-cream in soda-water with fruit flavoring, a ghastly hot weather temperance drink.
(To the writer of this glossary *all* soda-water is Schweppes's.)
Liberal—label of would-be broad-minded American.
(Hear! Hear!)
Pep—contraction of pepper; galvanized human energy.
(Think of *that!*)
Phi Beta Kappa—name of numerous college societies.
(To the defense, Phi Betas!)
Pullman-car—no smoking is allowed in sleeping or parlor-cars, but at the one end is a compartment labelled "Men" containing washing-basins, a wall seat, and two chairs. Here smoking is permissible.
(Surely, the writer of this glossary must have been a woman.)
Queen—respectable woman.
(This definition shows how the British mind cannot conceive royalty without respectability.)
Razz for fair, the—heavy censure.
(*Heavy* would be better with quotation marks.)
Roughneck—antithesis of highbrow.
(How complimentary!)
Roustabout—revolutionary.
(Treason in high places?)
Saphead—one (fig.) having water on the brain.
(The "(fig.)" is the best part of this definition.)

When one sees the success with which American is translated into English, one feels less unhappy at the failure of the translation from American into Germar

ERICH A. WALTER.

This year's Prix Goncourt, one of the most important of French literary awards, has been won by M. Jean Fayard for his novel "La Mort du Fer." M. Fayard is the son of a publisher. His first novel, which was translated into English under the title of "Oxford and Margaret," was largely the outcome of the years he spent as an undergraduate at Exeter College, Oxford.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

H. G., Pittsburg, Pa., asks for songbooks for a musical family.

FOR all the grim belief of booksellers that families sing no more, several publishers seem this year determined to gather America around the piano in the parlor. Is there a way more charming of getting the family together? What were the happiest home parties of the late holidays? Those in which old friends sang together—preferably in parts. This country would more often unite in song if something would but release our inhibitions. It sometimes does; whenever a Saturday night finds me in a hotel far from home I am more than likely to hear harmony, heartfelt if a trifle hoarse, storming up the elevator shaft. "Salesmen," the attendant will say, tolerantly. They are living over days when, in camp or in France, they sang together.

If this musical family is very young, Satis Coleman's "Singing Time" (Day) will provide the easiest possible tunes with accompaniments along the line of least resistance, for singers from three to six; her new "Gingerbread Man" (Day) is said to be from four to seven, but any age not too far from nursery rhymes would like these dramatic episodes from classics like "The Little Red Hen" or the one about the wolf that huffed and puffed and blew the house in. Both these books would enliven school life. Under the terms of the contract I could include Berta and Elmer Hader's "The Farmer in the Dell" (Macmillan), for it does have the music of this one tune, but its purpose is to make farm life through the year known and loved by city children—who will not know enough about it beforehand to object that horses are by now largely replaced by motors and tractors on farms as purely American in personnel as this one. Never mind: I know a farm just like this, even to the sugar maples behind the house. "American Songs for Children" (Macmillan) get the whole family around the piano, with accompaniments so simple that anyone can play them who plays at all. It is a collection of old songs from every point of our compass, sometimes with an editorial bit of historic setting or local color; the editor is Winthrop Palmer, daughter of the late Ericsson Bushnell. It is smaller and less expensive than "The American Song Bag," to which it makes a good introduction. Then there is, as there has been so many times, a new printing of "A Day in a Child's Life" (Warne), that set of kind Victorian tunes Kate Greenaway's deathless pictures keep alive; it is not for parents who object to prayers in picture books, having, besides the lovely Robert Herrick grace, a familiar young orison.

Before the family begins really to sing, when the baby is just beginning to bounce upon the lap and identify any picture with four legs by a rapturous mew or bark, try him with "The Sing Song Picture Book," by Heribert and Johannes Gruger (Lippincott), whose lines of gentle colored pictures—angels or rabbits or what not—move to the rhythm of the simple melody noted on the opposite page. This is no trick musical notation; it is just a book with a real idea. For a permanent collection, on which a family may draw for a long time to come, "The American Song Bag," edited by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace), and "New Songs for New Voices" (Harcourt, Brace) are practically indispensable. The latter is now in a cheaper edition.

R. N., Indiana, asks for books on domestic relations in New Russia. Most of the books on present-day Russia, save, of course, those devoted altogether to the workings of the Five-Year-Plan, touch upon marriage and divorce under the Soviets. Few of these lay much stress on either, taking them mainly as illustrations of a new social orientation. The best book I have seen on "the emergence of the Soviet citizen" is "New Minds, New Men," by Thomas Woody, just published by Macmillan. No one book, with the possible exception of Chamberlin's "Soviet Russia" (Little, Brown), carries so much general information in which the general reader is likely to be sharply interested, and as Mr. Chamberlin leads up to the present through the past, Mr. Woody has more room for a strictly contemporary record. He even considers children's books, of which we know mainly through newspaper articles, especially those of Ernestine Evans, and by examples of this new literature gradually coming into print here. "New Russia's Primer" (Houghton Mifflin) we know, and we have now Chukovsky's "Crocodile," with which Miss Evans enriched the Christmas list of Lippincott—"Crocodile" is discussed at some length in Mr. Woody's book. Two more of these accurate and illuminating books of information by Ilin will be published by Lippincott in the Spring, each an example of the sort of first-hand information offered in Russia to young readers by experts with a gift for making things plain: one is a book about printing, the other on methods of telling time. "New Minds, New Men" gives several chapters to youth and the new woman. "Soviet Administration of Criminal Law," by Judah Zelitch (University of Pennsylvania), is, so far as I know, the only attempt made in English—and most successfully—to acquaint the Western world with judicial practice in criminal cases under the Soviets. It will be needed in law libraries, and is not without interest to anyone wondering what is becoming of law, whose basis would seem to be precedent, in a world making its own precedents as it goes along. This volume shows how completely the Russian Empire has "vanished as a single unit, both politically and geographically," and describes in detail the procedure instituted by a political thought that "consciously rejects the western ideas of justice" and strives to annihilate the entire body of procedure developed by liberal forces on the continent of Europe.

Two books of travel are appropriately decorated with the author's picture on the jacket, for Liam O'Flaherty's "I Went to Russia" (Harcourt, Brace) and Ray Long's "An Editor Looks at Russia" (Long & Smith) are reports not so much on Russia as on Russia's effect on them. Mr. Long's has the advantage in that he wanted to go and perhaps in consequence enjoyed himself, however taken aback at times; Mr. O'Flaherty's attitude is unwilling from the start, and he is temperamentally unsympathetic. As someone says to him when he finds Leningrad a tomb, "Your nerves are bad, so you can only receive unpleasant impressions. You miss the outward appearance of bourgeois life, so you are unhappy. You have to permit yourself to be born again before you can understand or appreciate Russia." Now Mr. Long goes to Russia frankly on business, and frankly concerned with getting this done as swiftly as may be, and sometimes people in such case see from the corner of the eye much of what is going on in general. He sees the great machine —"I hadn't got in its path, but I had felt a draft as it whizzed by me"—and he is furiously interested in its future.

It is with the present that H. R. Knickerbocker is concerned in "Fighting the Red Trade Menace" (Dodd, Mead) which follows his last year's book on the Five-Year-Plan made of foreign correspondence for which he received a Pulitzer Prize. This one reports on what is being done to stave off the Soviet offensive in ten great cities of Europe and the British Isles. The report from the latter is especially interesting, for "England alone of all the countries so far visited on this trip of investigation is genuinely excited" and the only one "where even a threat to Soviet economic expansion can be detected." "Maxim Gorki and his Russia," by Alexander Kaun (Cape & Smith), is at once a biography and a social history of a period; much of the first part comes from Gorki's own terrific reports of his childhood and youth, and the later chapters of his life are made a part of his time. A section at the back deals with the embarrassing episode of his American visit—and as the question with which we are dealing had to do with marriage and divorce in Russia, with this chapter from our own past this list may conveniently close.

O. M., Tipton, Iowa, is collecting material showing the interest of notable people in swimming—perhaps the oldest of human sports. "It is well known," he says, "that Benjamin Franklin was an expert swimmer and teacher of swimming. He wrote a letter to a friend of his who was sixty years old, advising this friend to learn to swim. Perhaps some of your readers may know of other examples which may have escaped my knowledge."

It is most unlikely that the example of Leander who "swum the Hellespont, all for to kiss his dear," has escaped such expert knowledge, or that of the Oysterman who followed his example in O. W. Holmes's ballad, or of Byron who took the same watery track, or of Richard Halliburton who trailed Byron—subsequently swimming the Panama Canal in sections, like a determined lover in my mother's native city who when engaged to the fattest girl in Masachusetts used to hug to a chalk mark and go on from there. Perhaps O. M. has overlooked the episode in "Bird Life at the Pole" (Morrow) in which Mr. Halliburton is represented as swimming the Canal, towing a battleship by his teeth.

To my mind the most spectacular swim of Byron was not the Hellespontine affair, but the one in which he engaged while Shelley's pyre was blazing on the beach. Shelley was, of course, no swimmer—Trelawney was the boy for that—and all the books about him tell how when once he sank, in trying to float, he quietly stayed on the bottom, willing to take his chance with eternity then and there. George Sterling must have liked to swim; see how his pair of divinities take the water in "The Swimmers." Emerson apparently did not; in speaking well of translations of the classics he said he would as soon swim the Charles River when he went to Boston as spurn a good translation's aid. Did not Joan Lowell, in "The Cradle of the Deep," wreck all the world's records for long distance in the water, with the ship's cat—or was it a cougar kitten?—clinging to her back? Arnold Bennett says, "The pride in first being able to make sense of a foreign book without a dictionary is similar to the pride of being able to keep one's self afloat in water for the first time. I shall never forget the sensation of arriving buoyant at the other end of the public swimming bath at Hanely." He said this in the magazine "Life and Letters"; it is quoted at length in my "Books as Windows" (Stokes).

And then there are those Channel swimmers—Gertrude Ederle and—and—who on earth were all the others, anyway? The day after Trude touched France we were returning to England on a Channel steamer. "There's a catch in it," said the third officer, "somewhere," and bent an appraising eye upon the dark and bitter waves. "Ah, that's not sporting," we urged. "Think of Captain What's-his-name, the British record swimmer; you wouldn't want us not to believe he swam it." He continued to glower at the tossing waters. "I don't believe anybody ever swam it," said he, implacable as the countryman at the circus—and indeed, clinging to the rail in the wind's teeth it did seem unreasonable.

I might have known that B. Franklin would be a swimmer. That man tried everything at least once. It is a safe bet that anything he did Leonardo da Vinci had taken a chance at sometime. Houdini went very well under water. Beyond this I go only on guesswork; readers will confer a favor upon this department by reporting on the aquatic habits of their favorite statesmen and publicists.

M. A. B., Chicago, says that at last Henry the Second's "this pestilent priest" called for in these columns, as used in regard to Becket, has been found in Oman's "History of England," the one volume edition. "The *exact* source of authority has not been found, so your kind request for help may bring further information."

E. M. F., Washington, D. C., rushes to the rescue of the reading of the unemployed Syrian youth of twenty-three. "I do hope someone will suggest to him that he read John Duguid's 'Green Hell,' Yeats-Brown's "Lives of a Bengal Lancer,' Axel Munthe's 'Story of St. Michele,' the detective stories of Earl Biggers and S. S. Van Dine, Konrad Bercovici's "Alexander,' Harold Lamb's 'Tamerlane' and 'The Crusaders,' and the novels of Merejkowski dealing with Akmenhaton and Justinian." Lest this youth's situation—or lack of it—be forgotten, the call was made on his behalf because, being out of a job, he was prudently putting in his time at a well-equipped public library, reading things not only to improve his mind but also to keep up his spirits.

P. M. W., Baltimore, Md., needs books that discuss literary New England, for use in planning a tour this summer. "When Antiques Were Young," by Marion N. Rawson (Dutton), is a peerless source-book for a travelling collector in these parts. "Seeing the Eastern States," by J. T. Faris (Lippincott), is a comprehensive guide useful in planning a round trip or in drawing together the memories of one. Famous houses and hostelries are to be found in "Old New England Inns," by Mary C. Crawford (Page), "We Visit Old Inns," by M. H. Northend (Hale), and M. C. Crawford's "Romance of Old New England Rooftrees" (Page). Most of the material on literary associations is to be found in books about Boston and vicinity, especially in Robert Shackleton's "Book of Boston" (Penn); there is also M. C. Crawford's "Old Boston Days and Ways" and "Romantic Days in Old Boston" (Little, Brown). Clara Endicott Sears has gathered all there is now to be found in print and tradition about "Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands" (Houghton Mifflin) and made it into a book so fascinating that I am impatient to visit the spot. For the Cape, besides Thoreau's "Cape Cod," there are "Old Cape Cod," by Mary R. Bangs (Houghton Mifflin) and "Outermost House" (Doubleday, Doran), Henry Beston's record of a year on the great beach, to take but two of the outstanding books. Of Vermont country-life books I like best those of Zephine Humphreys, especially "The Beloved Community" (Dutton)—which is not a fancy picture but a beautiful series of sketches from life—and Anne Bosworth Greene's "The Lone Winter" and "Dipper Hill" (Century). "On Wandering Wheels," by Jan and Cora Gordon (Dodd, Mead), takes in New England in the course of one of our best unconventional travel books about the Eastern and Southern states.

The occasion is unrivalled for stating that "Golden Tales of New England" (Dodd, Mead), over whose editing I have put in some of the happiest hours of my latest working year, is getting a press of unexpected (by me) brilliancy. I did not know there were so many homesick New Englanders functioning as critics on high-grade magazines and newspapers.

These men knew how to write

If you have a particular writing problem—if you need to write a report, describe a landscape, explain a theory, tell a story—you will find in this one volume the best examples of how your problem has been met by 250 of the great English writers. Every potential author will find here inestimable aid in his craft: every reader will derive entertainment, intellectual stimulation and a vivid picture of the development of English prose from the 14th century to the present day. "More interesting than any prose anthology that has yet appeared."—*London Times.*

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The New Books
Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page* 463)

straints of liberty to give Mr. Le Fevre an ample theme. In the first and best part of his book, he takes up at length the question of what happens to primitive races under modern imperialistic policies. Armed with facts and statistics, he has no difficulty in showing that when, "for their own good," we insist on civilizing and Christianizing weaker races, they tend very rapidly to disappear. Our way of life may be better abstractly, but it is not better for them. From this, Mr. Le Fevre argues that liberty, as he defines it, has an actual biologic value. Running over the course of history, with especial emphasis on Athens, the Renaissance, the Reformation, and modern life, he finds that "the peoples who have enjoyed an exceptional degree of freedom are those who have contributed most to the advancement and the welfare of mankind."

From this, without sufficient consideration of the changes produced by modern economic conditions, Mr. Le Fevre leaps to the conclusion that the less government the better. And the best government, he insists, will be one carried on by mediocrities. Whatever the lack of logic in this final assertion, it may help to explain Mr. Le Fevre's relative contentment with present-day America.

DIVORCE. A Social Interpretation. By J. P. LICHTENBERGER. Whittlesey House. 1931.

This book, with its freight of tabulated data, brings a message of cheer to relieve the depression of those who view with alarm the advertised bankruptcy of marriage. The message is, briefly, that the increased frequency of divorce in recent years does not prove that marriage is less satisfactory than in the past. On the contrary, it may signify that men and women today demand more of each other and more of marriage. When children are rescued by divorce action from broken homes and inharmonious families they also share with the marriage partners in the higher standards now applied to family life.

The analysis of legislative restrictions supports the conclusion that divorce must be taken as merely a legal recognition of an accomplished fact, the disintegration of a marriage. Neither law nor the exhortations of religious bodies are of determining significance in preventing this disintegration. The factors which have made the marriage unacceptable are responsible, and to these Dr. Lichtenberger mainly directs his attention. A constructive treatment of the divorce problem, he insists, must first of all identify these responsible elements in a diagnosis that is based on factual knowledge rather than on any idealization of marriage or any theoretical assumption of its indissolubility.

The scholarly tone and cautious procedure of the study make doubly reassuring the conclusion that what so many panicky forecasters of the future of marriage have taken to be a falling market is in reality a rising market, and that improvement in the marriage situation is just around the corner.

MODERN PUBLICITY, 1931. Edited by F. A. MERCER and W. GAUNT. Rudge. 1931.

This, the current issue of the British-edited Commercial Art Annual formerly known as "Posters and Publicity," covers a wide field—too wide, perhaps, for adequate treatment in the space of 174 pages. It presents a selection of some 351 representative advertisements from the principal countries of the world, reproduced, for the most part, in miniature and in monotone. The examples shown originally appeared in newspapers, magazines, posters, booklets and other media. Each example is accompanied by a brief comment upon its merits or defects.

It is obvious that the ocean of the world's advertising can hardly be distilled to 351 drops. And when each drop is reduced in size to the dimensions necessary if 351 of them are going to be put into a single book, each with its word of comment, the crowding is such that nothing gets adequate treatment. The illustrations are so small that the copy is, in many cases, unreadable; and the exigencies of reproduction in miniature allow little opportunity for the typography to show to advantage. The editors' comments are in most cases so brief as to seem perfunctory. As a survey of the year's crop of advertising the book leaves much to be desired.

"Modern Publicity, 1931" is, however an interesting collection of examples of various styles of illustrative and layout treatment in the countries represented. For the advertising man "Modern Publicity, 1931" is a handy, if somewhat too limited collection of national customs in illustration and layout. For the layman it is an interesting gallery of advertisements that constitute, in a way, portraits of his fellow consumers abroad.

WHAT LIFE SHOULD MEAN TO YOU. By ALFRED ADLER. Little, Brown. 1931. $3.

In the last few years Dr. Alfred Adler of Vienna, and intermittently of New York, has produced not a few books, each of which repeats the single-track doctrine thus naïvely referred to: "The 'inferiority complex,' one of the most important discoveries of Individual Psychology, seems to have become world famous." The doctrine is important in complement to the Freudian proposals with their many limitations and over-emphasis, their highly conjectural interpretations, and their no less conspicuous ignorings of obvious facts. As expressed in Adler's earlier expositions, "organ inferiority" kept in closer contact with clinical experience and was directed to pertinent illustrations, in a fairer perspective. Adler introduced the goal idea consequent to the Freudian "escape into illness," thus supplementing *whence* by *whither;* it portrayed the subtle intrusion of handicap.

In its later evangelical popularization, the Adlerian litany abandons much of the earlier caution—itself none too notable—and proceeds upon constant and glaring disregard of fact; it so grossly simplifies and so crudely mis-states the problem of neurotic maladjustment, that the intelligibility of its message and sensible appeal of its purpose are far overshadowed by the falsity of its guidance. The "style of life"—adopted, be it noted, in the first four or five years—carried through to all later periods of character and career, becomes a stereotyped formula that fits only as far as it is distorted. The conception of neurosis as a more or less deliberate alibi, is nothing less than libel. Its inconsistency is many-sided and appears in his own illustrations. Admitting that it is about as useless to tell a patient that he has an "inferiority complex" as to tell him that he has a headache, he none the less makes migraine a strangely tolerated disability developed to attract attention, and prostitution no less a false reaction to a sexual variety of inferiority. The doctrine ignores so flagrantly and deplores so superiorly, that it bores by reiterating and glorifying what is but pollyannishly relevant. Science must be made of sterner stuff; and the claim of "scientific" and "discoveries" is assumptive and misleading. Nor does it remedy matters that Adler confesses: "We have no direct proof of this hypothesis; and it is difficult to see how a proof could ever be established." To induce Dr. Adler to see what kind of evidence and what orders of application of a legitimate hypothesis critical minds would approve, would require not so much that he change his style of life but alter his scientific traditions. In a retort impertinent one would like to inscribe an epistle to Dr. Adler entitled: "What Science should mean to *You*."

ANCIENT AMERICANS. The Archæological Story of Two Continents. By EMILY C. DAVIS. Holt. 1931. $3.50.

On the whole it may be said that this book will please that part of the American reading public which is beginning to take an idle and none-too-intelligent interest in the pre-discovery history of our hemisphere. Literary style is quite lacking, the book being written in language that can best be described as "breezy." There are short, choppy paragraphs made up of short, brisk sentences. A large part of the book seems to have been written, as it were, with scissors and paste-pot rather than with a typewriter. To illustrate what we mean by this, we will cite pages 234-239 where a great deal is said of Machu Picchu, in southern Peru. These pages are a very thin synthesis of the various writings by Dr. Hiram Bingham and others on the subject of that stupendous citadel and, although Dr. Bingham and a few other specialists are mentioned by name, there is provided no information of a bibliographic nature which would help the reader to find the literature of the subject. This is a constant and irritating defect in the book. Miss Davis seems to think that when she has said that Mr. So-and-so has written a volume in which he says this-and-that (here follows a long quotation, or perhaps a short one dragged out of its context), she has done enough in a bibliographical way. She has *not*. Her purpose, presumably, is to interest beginners in American archæology, and to fulfil that purpose she should point out the authorities by specific citations. Her failure to do so creates an impression, possibly incorrect, that she is not very well acquainted with the literature, albeit she does mention by name a fairly representative array of modern scientists working in the field over which she so "peppily" scampers.

In spite of these drawbacks—which Miss Davis's public will probably regard as advantages—the book is one which does not lack numerous good points. The chapter about archæological hoaxes is not only entertaining, but also full of good common sense. The chapters on the cultures of the Southwest, on the Mayas, Mexicans, and Peruvians, are, in spite of the drawbacks mentioned, likely to provide busy and hurried people who wish to acquire a smattering of knowledge about those ancient folk exactly what they want. In Chapter 18, Miss Davis describes a number of the foodstuffs which we owe to the American Indian, using the "menu-method" which was first used by Dr. Robert H. Lowie in his book "Are We Civilized?" What she has to say is extremely interesting. But she ought to have mentioned Dr. Lowie. In the same chapter are very interesting comments on other contributions made by America to the world, not all of them of an advantageous kind. The final chapter, is of conspicuous interest and value for the reason that it points out most effectively the practical value of American archæology.

Miss Davis's book, then, is one which will be stimulating to beginners, to potential "fans"; but it is one which will be of slight use to anyone who has made even a modest beginning in the subject of American archæology. The illustrations are plentiful and good, but there are some weird mistakes in the captions.

THE GARDENER'S YEAR. By KAREL CAPEK. Putnams. 1931. $1.75.

Readers of "England," "R. U. R.," and "The Insect Play" have come to look forward with anticipation to each new evidence of the Capek brothers collaboration. Karel Capek's wit and the subtle genius of Joseph Capek's single line drawings have never had a better medium for expression than in their latest book, "The Gardener's Year." Galvanized gardeners who sit in comfortable easy chairs and read about horticulture will be mightily amused by it. But wit is a sword that cuts both ways. Unlike most humorous works that jibe at the foibles of the passionate plant lover, the honest-to-goodness dirt gardener will find this little book amazingly satisfying. He will find embedded in its frivolous, casual comments expressions of his deepest and most poignant experiences. And he will be convinced that whatever Carel Kapek's avocations and occupations may be, he has a garden which he tends in the sweat of his brow, and dispite the cramps in his back.

Although the order of topics follows the classical arrangement of the "Labor of the Months," the book is not a practical guide to gardening. Let no one buy it under that misapprehension. It is a whimsical, lyrical, mystical expression of a gardener's feelings about his garden, the weather, the soil, and the universe in general. As in actual life, the weather and the soil are the gardener's chief preoccupations.

Carel Capek cites experiences commonly overlooked in gardening annals; the feelings of a householder away on his holiday, who has entrusted his precious garden to the care of a friend; the instinct "whether by smell, or some password, or secret sign" by which gardeners recognize one another at first sight "in the gangways of a theatre, or at a tea, or in a dentist's waiting-room"; the enthusiasm with which the owner of a small garden orders seedlings from the nursery man in April, and his despair when "some hundred and seventy seedlings arrive which must be planted immediately, and he finds with overwhelming certainty that there is no place left for them."

This pleasant book should be found in every gentleman's library.

Religion

JOHN CALVIN. The Man and His Ethics. By GEORGIA HARKNESS. Holt. 1931. $3.

Methodism, at least in America, arose largely as a reaction against Calvinistic theology, and one is inclined, initially, to look with some suspicion upon an estimate of Calvinism emanating, even today, from the opposing camp. Georgia Harkness, however, an ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church and professor of philosophy in Elmira College, has deservedly enjoyed a reputation for objectivity and thoroughness since the publication of her "Conflicts in Religious Thought." The present admirable volume on John Calvin, which is, in essence, a close, analytic study of his ideas and influence, should raise that reputation even higher.

Were the work, as its subtitle might be taken to indicate, intended primarily as a biography, such praise, it is true, could not be given. Dr. Harkness makes no attempt to go behind the factual record to seek a psychological explanation of her subject's character. Yet such an explanation, in the case of the profoundly neurotic Calvin, simply must be given if the man is to seem human. Dr. Harkness prefers to reiterate the convential praise for his control of his sick body, whereas a psychologist would probably find that it was his sick body which controlled him. Since however, the biographical sketch is hardly more than a long introduction to her book, this is a rather minor objection. And even here she does good service in presenting the Servetus case in its true light, showing Calvin to have been no more intolerant than the rest of the Geneva group, and reminding us that with the Sacco-Vanzetti trial still fresh in memory we should hardly get excited about a miscarriage of justice four centuries ago.

Although, Dr. Harkness gives an entirely sufficient account of Calvin's theology, the major part of her book is not taken up with a subject long over-emphasized and today certainly a dead issue. She is chiefly concerned, and rightly, with Calvin's ethics and economics. While she agrees with Tawney that Max Weber in his epoch-making "Die Protestantische Ethik under der Geist des Kapitalismus" considerably overemphasized capitalism's debt to Calvin, she nevertheless accepts Weber's main contentions. After blasphemy, heresy, and unchastity, laziness was to Calvin the worst of all the vices. The virtues which he particularly enjoined were those famous ones of the middle classes—sobriety, frugality, industry, and honesty. He lifted the Catholic ban on the taking of interest, he preached the duty of acquiring wealth, and he regarded its possession as a sign of God's favor. "Riches," he said, "come . . . only by the blessing of God." Thus, while not precisely the founder of capitalism, which began long before him, he gave it precisely the theoretical rationalization which it needed.

Dr. Harkness's book ends with an equally convincing examination of Calvin's paradoxical relation to political liberty in which she finds that, although he himself was an authoritarian in principle, he and still more his followers, Knox and Beza, being leaders of a minority party, found it necessary to make an appeal for liberty which influenced the thought of the next two centuries.

THE REALITY OF GOD. By BARON FRIEDERICH VON HUGEL. Dutton. 1931. $4.

The late Baron von Hugel was by far the most winning defender of the faith that modern Catholicism has produced. Of Scottish-German descent, born in Italy, living his later life in England but acclimated to the Continent, and with intimate friends of note in nearly every European land, he was far more of an internationalist and far better informed on modern thought than any of his brethren in the Church. An incomparably abler philosopher than the much touted Jacques Maritain, he did not share the neo-Thomistic disdain for all metaphysics since the fourteenth century but was willing to learn from Kant, Hegel, and other moderns while rejecting their ultimate conclusions. His intellectual rectitude was unimpeachable; never did he stoop to take an unfair advantage of an opponent. This honesty and tolerance, united with a vein of poetry and charm of style, disciplined by a trenchant intellect, combined to make Von Hugel an apologist whom even the most hardened heretic can read with both pleasure and profit.

The present collection of essays was

(*Continued on page* 468)

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The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & John T. Winterich

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

1897---1932

THIRTY-FIVE years (equivalent to several generations in the development and shift of collecting tastes and in the multiplication of collectors) have elapsed since P. K. Foley's "American Authors 1795-1895; A Bibliography of First and Notable Editions Chronologically Arranged with Notes" was issued. The passage of another thirty-five years, with heaven knows what evolution and involvement in the collecting panorama, will still find this modest manual within ready reach of the booksellers' hand, and on the shelves of those shrewd amateurs for whom any copies may be left over. Merle Johnson's "American First Editions," published three years ago in an edition twice as large, and mounting swiftly to a premium on the ready recognition of its abundant and durable utility, was frankly compiled as a continuation of and supplement to Foley.

The book-collector of 1897 had not yet discovered Ambrose Bierce, on the one hand, or, on the distant other, Emily Dickinson. There was, to be sure, reason enough for his lack of discernment in instances where there was as yet little to discern. "The Education of Henry Adams" would not be issued for ten years, and even then its circulation would be restricted, for eleven years more, to a small and fortunate group of the author's friends; Stephen Crane was riding the tide as a best-seller, as little aware of his impending eminence as James Abbott McNeill Whistler was convinced of his; readers of the *Century* and *Harper's* bestowed passing glances of appreciation on the drawings of Howard Pyle without realizing that the level of the art of illustrating in America was rising to a new plane of accomplishment before their eyes.

But the bibliophile of the McKinley epoch did, apparently, devote some attention to the work of, and presumably exert a modicum of his purchasing power toward the acquisition of books by, Henry Abbey, Oscar Fay Adams, John Albee, William Livingston Alden, Ann Reeve Aldrich, Thomas Gold Appleton, George Arnold, Jane Goodwin Austin, Maturin Murray Ballou, George Bancroft, John Bartlett, John Russell Bartlett, Arla Bates, Park Benjamin, S. G. W. Banjamin, William Henry Bishop, Gertrude Bloede, Frank Bolles, H. H. Boyesen, Charles Frederick Briggs, Charles Astor Bristed, Charles Timothy Brooks, Maria Brooks, John Brougham, Henry Howard Brownell, Daniel Bryan, William Henry Burleigh, and Edwin Lassiter Bynner. The list could be extended to column length, but this hand-picked selection from the A's and B's gives abundant indication of what one may expect to find, and does find, in the C's, the L's, the R's, and the W's. Mr. Foley's goal properly was inclusiveness; there were doubtless contemporary purchasers of "American Authors" who wondered who Herman Melville might be—he came between Grenville Mellen and George Henry Miles.

It will not do to dismiss casually the Abbeys and the Albees and the Appletons, the Bishops and the Bloedes and the Bristeds. Some of them may never have merited collecting, some may never be collected again, some as certainly one day will. Some of them were universally read in their own time and have left a permanent but anonymous imprint on American thought, some of them wrote books that were standard for half a century, not a few wrote books that are still in print, and at least one or two (John Bartlett, for example) produced that which is likely to be in print forever.

Three hundred and fourteen authors are listed in Foley. The A's and B's total forty-eight, of whom twenty-eight are cited above as authors for whose first editions there is a minimum of demand (to put the case at its most sanguine) in 1932—so far in 1932 anyway. Assuming that this proportion holds throughout the bibliography, one hundred and eighty-odd of Mr. Foley's grand total are in like situation. It must be remembered, too, that the present comment has been keyed to err on the side of liberality, and that any recent catalogue listing, however modest and inconspicuous, has been sufficient to exclude an author from the company of the uncollected.

The purpose of this bandying of statistics, however, has been rather to point a moral than to adorn a tale. There is no time like such an era of uncertainty as the present in which the informed collector can better cast about and seek to make his own reappraisal of literary permanencies. An abundance of biographical and bibliographical reference works are readily available; a little exploration will uncover a few titles for the student's examination (although in general the first editions of an uncollected author are apt to be harder to find than those of a collected author), and there is always the possibility that some rich vein of delight will be uncovered that will well repay the explorer's search and justify (to himself at least) his status as a collector. And let him remember that the collector has many times been the pioneer in the rehabilitation of a literary reputation.

Such an exploration holds two practical allures. It is not likely to be formidably expensive, and yet it has all the compensating difficulty that makes both rocky and roseate the path of him who seeks, say, for first editions of Edgar Allan Poe. Take, for example, from the above list, George Bancroft. Born within a year after the death of Washington, Bancroft survived into the Presidency of Benjamin Harrison. His productive period covered sixty-six years, from his "Poems" of 1823 to a sketch of Martin Van Buren issued in 1889, two years before his death. Half a dozen school texts which Bancroft edited or translated in his early years are probably next to impossible to find in first edition. His "History of the United States" in ten volumes covers a creative span which far exceeds that of any comparable performance. Gibbon projected his "Decline and Fall" in 1764; the first volume was published in 1776 and the fourth and last in 1788. Macaulay began his studies for his "History of England" in 1839; the first two volumes appeared in 1848, and the fifth was issued posthumously in 1881. But the first volume of Bancroft's history was issued in 1834 and the tenth and last in 1875—and when the collector has assembled a set he can leave room beside it (the vacancy is likely to persist for some time) for one of the fifty copies of the large-paper edition which appeared between 1861 and 1875. Acquisition of a copy of the large-paper issue (also in fifty copies) of the "Memorial Address on the Life and Character of Abraham Lincoln" (Washington, 1866) is also likely to cause some embarrassment, for here the Bancroft enthusiast—and by this time our hypothetical collector will certainly have become one—must cross the trail of the Lincoln specialist, and where collecting trails cross, there irresistible forces meet immovable bodies, and gnashing of teeth ensues, and there are no green lights.

J. T. W.

Pteryplegia

PTERYPLEGIA; or, the Art of Shooting Flying. By MR. MARKLAND. New York: Derrydale Press. 1931. $10 and $20.

MR. MARKLAND, Late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, hath lately wrote (1727) a treatise on Flying Shooting, which is here now reprinted in its fourth edition—the third having issued out of the press in 1767. For this edition, Colonel H. P. Sheldon hath indited an introduction in shape of a lengthy epistle concerning the Gentleman who wrote the book: there follows Mr. Markland's words "To all Fair Sportsmen," and finally the gist of the business, to wit, the Pteryplegia, in heroic couplets. The whole is embellished with rococo designs, which, in the limited edition, have been colored by hand.

R.

Red Badge of Courage

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE, an Episode of the Civil War. By STEPHEN CRANE. New York: Random House. 1931. $7.50.

I FEEL sorry about this book. It is an American classic—the story. It deserves a definitive printing. And the printers of the present edition—the brothers Grabhorn of San Francisco—are entirely competent printers. They have used a peculiarly appropriate type face. The paper is Van Gelder. The presswork is all that can be asked. There are initial letters and accompanying decorations of force and vigor. All is well except the size. The book is far, far too big—unwieldy folio that it is. It should have been smaller, and it could well have been—the text is not long. I wish they would try again—the printers and publishers—and make as handsome a volume but a better *book*.

R.

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

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ANNOUNCING A NEW INNER SANCTUM CONTEST

It is a great temptation to herald the 1932 publication schedule of *The Inner Sanctum* with a flourish of trumpets, but by dint of that stoical "inner check" which the humanists have, at times, made famous, your correspondents are confining themselves to a sober enumeration of titles and authors.

Between January and July, *The Inner Sanctum* will publish books by

ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET
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FRANK BUCK *and* EDWARD ANTHONY
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GEOFFREY DENNIS
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CHRISTOPHER WARD
CHARLES CROSS
EDDIE CANTOR *and* DAVID FREEDMAN
MACKNIGHT BLACK
CAMEL WOOLSEY
BURANELLI-PETHERBIDGE-HARTSWICK
HARRY HERSHFIELD

The titles of their books [*not in the same order*] follow:

The History of the Russian Revolution
A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity
What Men Live By
Red Room
Enchanted Woods
Van Loon's Geography
Blood and Oil
Zoo—A Novel
A Glastonbury Romance
Wild Cargo
The American Travelers Guide Book—Spain
Straight and Crooked Thinking
A Picture of America
"Fun in Bed"—The Convalescent's Handbook
Col. T. Brangwyn Feitelberg Recalls
Middle Earth
Thrust at the Sky
Cross Word Puzzle Books, 23 and 24
The Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew
If I'm Elected

To the five readers of this column who can come nearest to the correct reconstruction of the entire list—that is, to those who come closest to coupling the right author with the right title—*The Inner Sanctum* will send free autographed first-edition copies of any new book they designate from their own enumeration. Replies should be typewritten in two columns, on a single sheet of paper, and sent with full name and address within the next week marked for the personal attention of

ESSANDESS.

WE HAVE TRIED

to ascertain from Christopher Morley some precise prognostics in regard to the LIFE OF RICHARD ROE which is now appearing serially in The Bowling Green. . . .

Mr. Morley was evasive: we believe that he himself is equally perplexed by his unexpected absorption in this unique project. His title for it, *Nation Wide*, seems to imply that it may be of ecumenical significance. He says it looks as though it would continue indefinitely, throughout 1932.

All we can do, therefore, is advise our readers not to miss any instalments of this curious "encyclical," the purpose of which apparently is "to isolate the fatal germ of human identity" and to consider the life of an average man from all possible approaches, both sacred and profane.

This is a sinister task, in which we wish Richard Roe's biographer all success. To those wishing to begin a new subscription at this time we will send a synopsis of the earlier chapters.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45th Street
New York City

The PHŒNIX NEST

IN that charming volume, "The Lady of Godey's: Sarah Josepha Hale," recently published by Lippincott and written by *Ruth E. Finley*, a poem in the chapter "The Authorial Galaxy" contains one verse seemingly made for these parlous times in the Big Town. It is:

A stillness and a sadness
Pervade the City Hall,
And speculating madness
Has left the street of Wall;
The Union Square looks really
Both desolate and dark,
And that's the case, or nearly,
From Battery to Park.

This was perpetrated by the late *George P. Morris*, who wrote "Woodman, Spare That Tree!" . . .

Alfred A. Knopf seems to have the best recent book of fiction, namely, "Men in Darkness," by *James Hanley*. The author is just turned thirty and was born in Dublin. He has been a sailor, stoker, cook, journalist, baker, butcher, clerk, porter, postman, and runner. The English critics have gone quite daft over his volume. But it's the real thing. . . .

This Spring, Knopf will bring out the "Collected Poems" of the late *Elinor Wylie*. The volume will consist of her four published volumes of poems presented in exactly the order and sequence in which they originally appeared, and a fifth section containing forty-seven poems, of which more than half were formerly published in periodicals. Twenty of these have, however, never before appeared in print. They include two most remarkable pieces of writing, one an unfinished ballad concerning escape from Man to the nobler brute creation; the other a flight of extraordinary impressionistic prose entitled "The Heart's Desire." The preface to the book is written by *William Rose Benét*, and the volume will be illustrated not only by the familiar Muray portrait of Elinor Wylie but also by a photograph of her in her younger years taken by Rita Martin in London. In the middle of the book there will be a facsimile of Elinor Wylie's favorite poem, "To a Book," written in her own hand. . . .

With all due deference to a recent Report—

Isn't Mr. Cheney
An old meanie:
He thinks so pooer
Of the modern reviewer!
He swings all votes
Away from book notes.
From our mouth, as we stutter,
He takes our bread and butter.
Oh, Mr. Cheney,
Here we are in-betweenie
The publishers and editors
(And pursued by creditors,)
But if you astic
We will try to be sarcastic,
Mr. Cheney;
We will sandpaper our beanie,
We will bristle with ferocity
And animosity;
Books we will hound
And chase their authors around;
Publishers shall quiver,
And say it's our liver;
Nothing shall abash
Our loud cry of "Trash!"
Instead of praises
We will flash blue blazes;
In lieu of a martyr
They'll have caught a Tartar;
The whatness of the isness
In the publishing business
We shall expose,
And tread on all toes;
Our ugly mug
Shall contort with the syllable "Ugh!"
All we intend to do
Is to ejaculate "Phew!"
Much as it hurts
We shall stentorate, "Nerts!"
And congratulations, let us hope,
will eventually be warm
When the publishing situation we entirely reform. . . .

In mentioning *Sarah Josepha Hale* as "The Lady of Godey's" at the beginning of this column, we forgot to say that *Ruth E. Finley* there devotes a chapter to the authorship of "Mary's Little Lamb," of which we spoke recently. But it seems that we got the lamb into a jam! Mrs. Finley, it has been pointed out to us by *Josephine Coale* of Lippincott's, proves pretty conclusively that Sarah Josepha Hale was the sole author of the poem. The poem was first published in 1830 in a book of children's poems written by Mrs. Hale at least ten years before *Mary Hughes* was even born. Mrs. Hale's maiden name was Buell. And *Horatio Hale*, the ethnologist, was her son—not her husband. *Isabel Fiske Conant* also sends us the following interesting letter from Boston, concerning Mary's lamb:

That Mary was a cousin of my mother's; much older, though, I think; that was, terrible admission, in 1881. When I was seven, and she already dead, her cousin, Mary Sawyer (my mother's middle name was Sawyer), came to spend the night with us. It made a great impression on me, and I told the children at school about it, but they did not seem to believe me! I have been pursued by that unbelief! The town of Sterling had four duplicate little schoolhouses, in different parts of the town. One was on land given the town by my grandfather (or his father) for the purpose of the school, to revert to the estate when the building ceased to be a schoolhouse (but it never did). This was in the Squareshire district. The Red-bank district was the one where the little lamb school was located; at the top of a high, in winter icy, hill with a glorious Worcester-county view. When Henry Ford set up the school house after bringing it to his property, he did not observe the original proportions, but, apparently, simply used the good wood that remained out of the entire amount, with the result that the schoolhouse is considerably smaller, its windows are smaller, and the appearance is quite diminished.

The following sequence of four sonnets has been sent us by their author, *Joseph Lewis French:*

THE EREMITE

"Bewildered by the shadowy ban of birth"
He stumbles on—one ray from that pale star,
That mocked his birthright mocks him still, afar,
One last pale gleam ere he sink prone to earth.
The child of golden fortunes, his the bar
That turns earth's heaped-up millions to stark dearth
That makes a mockery of human worth
That sears deep in man's soul the eternal scar.

And yet he stumbles on—some sterner note
From those New England hills that bred his clan
Still keeps Despair's black clutch from off his throat,
Still echoes 'mid this ruin the word "man"!

O, men! O, laws! O, times! look on this woe
Then call ye on your God who made him so.

CRISIS

Here rivers, oceans meet; here mighty waves,
Seek refluent waves, and roar against the sun;
Dawn, day, and dark; morning, and night, are one;
And morn and even are as open graves.
Thought, hope, emotion, are the moil of slaves,
The voice of life is as a signal-gun,
Proclaiming that the conflict is begun,
The struggle that shall waste all, or that saves.

Yet is no gleam. The daystar from on high,
The dawn of hope, the resurrection-morn,
Seem blotted from the precincts of the sky.
And each dire hour, in doubt and stress, is torn
Some fragment from the storm-tossed soul, and worn
The lorn white soul that seeks a Calvary.

DE PROFUNDIS

He has lost track of things; his spirits move
In one faint orbit; so the serried years
That rise like phantoms in a mist of tears
Remind him of all things his spirits love,
When one shall rise who knows, as doth behove
The soul of man to know all mortal fears,—
This Fury of the blind uplifted shears,
Shall he translate the legend of the dove?

Life had its mock of him; his spirit rapt
Inperfect seeing knew the ends of Time
An old wives' fable; so the doom mishapt,
Of all things mortal is his perfect crime.

At last foreshadowing what his days have lent,
He stands alone, abashed, distraught, forspent.

ENVOY

Where in the twilight terraces of Time
There glows one light of mortal mystery,
Men shall recall one voice and shuddering cry
"This were the fool that wrought the foolish rhyme,
The sonneteer, half-demon and half-mime,
That swept the heavens with his sparkling eye,
That sought to find the vision in the sigh,
Of us who weep a godhead's shallow crime."

Here where his penitence may not avail,
Where hopes like roses, leaf by leaf, shall fall,
Where dreams are but the shadow of the pall,
He cries, "Farewell! and yet farewell and hail!"

The perfect soul shall die, the lost soul free,
Will wander singing in eternity.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The New Books
Religion

(*Continued from page* 466)

originally designed to form the basis of the Gifford Lectures for 1924-25 and 1925-26. Prevented by a nervous breakdown from delivering them, Von Hugel worked heroically during his last two years of desperate ill health to get them in shape for publication. He did not succeed, and the task was left to the present editor, Edmund G. Gardner. With all the latter's judicious efforts, the essays remain ill-organized and disconnected. More than that, they reveal, not exactly a great mind in ruins, but a great mind trembling on the brink of dissolution, holding itself together only by a mighty effort, unable to concentrate long on any given topic, and continually tempted to wander off into discursive memories—poetic and charming but irrelevant. Von Hugel's greatest weakness, his failure to understand the individual conscience at war with society, appears more clearly than elsewhere, and his defense of institutional religion is less happy. It would be a great injustice to judge him by this volume, and it is to be hoped that few readers will make their first acquaintance with him through it rather than through the earlier "Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion." At the same time it is full of many passages of persuasive beauty and of stimulating intellectual discussion. Those who already know the Baron von Hugel will understand and cherish it rightly.

WITCHCRAFT, MAGIC AND ALCHEMY. By GRILLOT DE GIVRY. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. $10.

This handsome volume by a distinguished scholar is so sumptuously illustrated that merely looking at the pictures is a proof of the hold of the occult upon human nature. Witchcraft may have disappeared amongst us, except for a recent sporadic outburst of "hexing" in Pennsylvania, but magic remains and it is extraordinary how astrology and even physiognomy are still believed in by large numbers of the deluded American public. The practitioners of the occult might gain some new ways of fleecing the superstitious from this work, as for example by practicing the art of Metoposcopy where the study of the wrinkles on the forehead gives an even more rapid insight into character than the pseudo-psychology of so many of our efficiency experts.

For the study of witchcraft proper this book is a masterpiece, since it shows in a delightfully ironical style how, during the whole time that Catholicism had the spiritual direction of Europe, there existed a veritable Church of Evil opposed to the Church of Good, a Church of the Devil defying the Church of God, and possessing, like the latter, its priests, its rites, its cult, its books, its congregations, and its supernatural visitants.

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